WOODBURY:

OR, THE

MEMOIRS

OF

WILLIAM MARCHMONT, Esq.

AND

Miss WALBROOK.

IN LETTERS.

By the AUTHOR of the SUSPICIOUS LOVERS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

In life how weak, how helpless is a woman!
So properly the object of affliction;
That heaven is pleased to make distress become her,
And dresses her most amiably in tears.

YOUNG.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY C. JACKSON, ANGLESEA-STREET.

M DCC LXXXI.

WOODBURY:

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WILLIAM MARCHMONT, Esq.

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WOODBURY.

LETTER I.

Mr. MARCHMONT to CHARLES LEWSUM, Eſq.

London.

I THINK, Charles, it is a remark of the ſage Locke's, that "there are people of all ſorts in the world;" a man of much leſs obſervation might have ſtumbled on the ſame thought, had he been preſent laſt night at the maſquerade, where every whim, every caprice, every folly, was diſplayed. Nor did the actors feel themſelves abaſhed by the ſcrutinizing eyes of Modeſty and Diſcretion; they were cloſely cloſetted by their mother Virtue, who confines them the moment the patroneſs of revels iſſues forth her proclamation, ſignifying the preparations ſhe is making for all thoſe votaries of pleaſure who are ſo ſolicitous to conceal their vices behind a

maſk. "Come on, my fair timid ones"—methinks I hear this parent of taſte, and luxury exclaim—"Come on—the daughters of Virtue appear not in my glittering realms. Furniſh yourſelves with a vizor of ſilk, or parchment, and every gratification that ſenſe adopts, or ſentiment diſclaims, is yours, even to ſatiety."

Alas! what heart of vague ſuſceptibility can reſiſt the deluſive entreaties of ſo inſinuating an enchantreſs? Barclay's old friend Satan makes a ſtrange buſtle in the hearts of the young and thoughtleſs, choaks up thoſe ſeeds of virtue in an hour, which their aſſiduous governeſſeſs have been labouring for years to implant. What depraved times are theſe, when a daughter's mind becomes no part of a mother's care! The erecting of the head, an eaſy motion of the arm, the toes properly turned out, and other trifling embelliſhments of her perſon, are all ſhe is ſolicitous about.

This preachment ſerves only to tell you, that Barclay picked up a young lady, who in her early years had been inſtructed in the love of virtue by her well diſpoſed teachers, till her indulgent mama, by way of poliſhing off the ruſt contracted in retirement, determined *herſelf* to put the finiſhing hand to her education. If ſhe entered the room with a fearful timidity, ſhe bluſhed to death at the girl's aukwardneſs; if ſhe obſerved a modeſt *retenue* in her behaviour, "ſhe was a fool and "would never ſhow herſelf to advantage."

After

After having tutored her in all the faſhionable follies for the ſpace of two years, the girl being arrived at the diſcreet age of fifteen, ſhe was deſirous to introduce her darling pupil into the great world. Her firſt appearance was at the maſquerade, in the character of a ſhepherdeſs; Barclay, who had ſeen and marked out his victim, and knew ſhe was to be there, provided himſelf with a ſhepherd's habit, and breathed "the paſſion of the plains" into her ear; the mother was wonderfully delighted to ſee with what ſpirit her daughter kept up the part aſſigned her, and often gave her a nod of approbation. By two o'clock he had decoyed the unthinking victim to a bagnio; but whether the cataſtrophe of the paſtoral pleaſes the mother, has not yet tranſpired.

To the fall of the unwary maid, I breathe a ſigh, and would a tear recall her to virtue, and waſh out one indelible ſtain, it ſhould be hers. Ye mothers of Britain! whilſt you are effecting the improvement of the manners and perſons of your lovely daughters, let *me*, a man of gaiety, let me intreat you alſo to attend to the important taſk of faſhioning their *minds* to virtue and morality, and fix them on the ſtable baſis of your own example; then will their prudence take the alarm whenever their chaſte ears are invaded by the light inſignificant coxcombry of the diſſipated youths of this licentious age. Vague and inſipid as their converſation is, yet are they more likely

to catch the attention of females ſo educated, than men endowed with ſenſe and ſentiment, who deſpiſing the affectation of tinſel and glitter, bring no better credentials to recommend them than ſtrict honour, and plain integrity.

There are few young men who have purſued pleaſure with more avidity than thy friend. Satiety is the ſure ſubſidy to our hearts fondeſt wiſhes. The mind that is not early matured to virtue feels no reſource in itſelf; conſcience may oppoſe for a moment, but the troubleſome monitor is ſilenced by the next temptation, and put to flight by the ardor of our freſh purſuits.

My mother, the moſt excellent of women, knew no joy equal to that ſhe experienced when ſhe was forming my mind; the effects of her pious endeavours, I hope, have not been totally eradicated.—She died—My father though poſſeſſed of high notions of honour, yet his religious principle ſat more looſely on him. As to your Marchmont, I do not pretend to ſay he has lived free from error; his heart has not always been a governable one—Yet gaming, drinking, and ſwearing, are vices too much beneath the dignity of man ever to have been adopted into my practice. No, Lewſum! 'tis from a too ſuſceptible heart, that all my errors ariſe. *La Belle paſſion* has been to me the ſource of infinite pleaſure, and infinite diſquiet. Yet could that heart never be attached

long

long to one object; owing, I have the vanity to think, to the failings of the fair I loved rather than to any natural inconſtancy in my own diſpoſition. I have long ſought for an amiable woman, who by a ſteady uniformity of conduct, might fix me hers for ever; and could I find one that in every reſpect anſwered my ideas of female perfection, I would endeavour to purchaſe her heart at the vaſt expence of my liberty. Perhaps you may laugh; but I am ſeriouſly determined on ſeeking after domeſtic happineſs. With the *town* ladies, whoſe faces are nightly expoſed at every public ſhew, I ſhall not ſeek it. In a few days I depart for the country, where perhaps I may find it.

Adieu,

WILLIAM MARCHMONT.

LETTER II.

From the SAME to the SAME.

THE pleaſures of the theatres, Ranelagh and Cornelys, are reſigned for the ſtill leſs defenſible ones of the brook and chace. The ſport I have had this morning, which was allowed by every body to be excellent, has led me to reflect how ſtrange it is, that the heart of man is never more elated than whilſt it is perpetrating acts of cruelty. The rational, the humane, the benevolent mind, had not cuſtom perverted the nature of our feelings,

feelings, muſt ſhudder when he hears the joyous ſhouts with which we proclaim an inglorious victory over the poor trembling hare, that heaven formed without the means of defence. How many dogs employed! how many horſes ruined! how many necks perhaps broken, in purſuit of an animal that as ſoon as it yields its breath to our ſagacious hounds, we eſteem no longer! How ſhameful is it then to expreſs ſuch wild tranſports of joy as hardly any occaſion will authorize, and to feel ſuch an internal rapture, as could only be juſtified by the ſenſe of having, by every act of benevolence in our power, relieved the miſeries of the oppreſſed. Then, to crown the ſportive hours, our reaſon, under the influence of champaigne and burgundy, becomes abſorbed in wild intemperance, and the human heart degenerates into a more ſavage and more contemptible *exiſtence* (let me call it ſo,) for it wants a name) than the little wretched animal that was the innocent cauſe of all our mirth, riot, and exceſs.

Were we to turn our minds to the ſtudy of nature, and our own hearts, our pleaſures would then be truly refined; no innocence betrayed, no thirſting for blood, but one uninterrupted gentle tide would waft the ſmooth hours along, till the happy ſpirit, pleaſed that its pilgrimage was over, would ſeek that ſhrine to which its views hadterminated,

and

and which will not fail to accept its offerings.

If you ſee Barclay, do not let your remonſtrances be wanting, to make him reſtore the poor young lady to her parents. If he has not yet perpetrated his wicked deſigns, it will be a glorious act ſhould you be able to ſnatch her from ruin. In your laſt you ſaid you had hopes; I *will hope* then, that ere now you have ſucceeded. Are there not enough of thoſe unhappy wretches for our looſer hours, without attempting the ruin of a whole family? It is a crime, I fear, Charles, that will call for *diſtinguiſhed vengeance.*

Lord Walter, Sir James Fletcher, and your humble ſervant, depart for the races to-morrow.

Miſs Walton is a fine girl, well accompliſhed, but too early initiated into the myſteries of high life for me to plant my batteteries there; yet am I under great obligations for her ſprightly converſation, during my ſtay at Walton-houſe. A ſervant informs me company is arrived, and that mine is deſired,

So adieu.

MARCHMONT.

LETTER III.

To the SAME.

Woodbury.

STOLE *away*, as the brothers of the chaſe phraſe it---*ſtole away*, and hoſpitably ſheltered at Woodbury, the ſeat of Sir Thomas Crauford. His high-ſpirited lady and ſiſter committed the theft, and tranſported my ſweet perſon to the place from whence I now addreſs you. The latter, Harriot Greville, is lively, handſome, amiable, and, I believe, gentle tempered, a moſt eſſential qualification in a female compoſition; nor will you think, Charles, ſhe wants judgment when I tell you ſhe pays vaſt deference to your friend: her perſon diſplays the exacteſt ſymmetry; complexion animated; eyes equally expreſſive of joy or ſorrow, as her heart happens to be affected; an affluent fortune; nor has her heart been contaminated by the vices of the town. Now if theſe perfections united in one woman, ſhould influence me ſo far as to remind me of my domeſtic ſcheme I have been ſo long planning, let me aſk you, would it excite your riſibility or your pity to ſee me ſhackled? I freely confeſs ſhe appears more worthy of my fixed affections than any woman with whom I have converſed, and yet---no, not ſo faſt, good Lady Paſſion; before I fix for life, I muſt be aſſured that my nymph is

is free from all her ſex's faults and frailties.--ſhould matters ever be brought *en train*, I do not doubt my father's concurrence; without it I never can marry while he lives. The narrow ſtipend of four hundred pounds per annum, which is all at preſent his parſimony allows me, will ever put it out of my power to ſettle contrary to his approbation.

Now, Lewſum, a word for Lady Crauford; ſhe is a very common character: little underſtanding, and a great deal of vanity; liberal of nothing but her tongue, which ſhe beſtows unſparingly on her ſervants: her paſſive huſband is likewiſe a ſharer with them in the bleſſing, yet is he humane and kind to all around him: but the principal motive by which he is governed is not a very active one, though of power capable of ſubduing principles the moſt active, namely indolence. However he paſſes for one of your very good ſort of men. My lady is ſome twenty years younger then her *ſpoſo*, which, by her affected ſprightlineſs, ſhe does not fail to remind him of. She ſwallows flattery with the avidity with which a thirſty fiſh would ſwallow water. I have diſcovered her foible, and could not help adding to the pleaſure ſhe feels at any diſtinction paid her; but I muſt take care of myſelf, as I have no opinion of her diſcretion, therefore muſt be more cautious in my *badinage* towards her.

By this time perhaps you are tired of my deſcription-letter. Then it concludes with aſſuring you, that I am ever yours.

MARCHMONT.

LETTER IV.

Miſs GREVILLE to Miſs WALBROOK.

Woodbury.

HUMAN foreſight and human prudence, my dear Lucy, cannot ward off the decrees of fate. Could human foreſight have appriſed me that the handſome, the gallant Marchmont would have been at the ball at ——? And could human prudence have warned me of the dangers my heart would ſuſtain by dancing with him; or that I ought to have ſtaid at home, and thereby have avoided the perils which awaited me? I ſhould certainly have been wounded paſt a cure, had not Marchmont's eyes looked the cure my heart ſighed after. And ſuch eyes, Lucy!—O-you can form no idea of them! Let your lively imagination picture to you a form created to be admired, and you ſee Marchmont. I have had his private hiſtory from a friend. Friends, you ſay, will be partial: he is noble, generous, ſincere, the idol of all who know him, yet has ſome ſingularities in his diſpoſition, that mark him a black ſwan

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in this diſſipated age. Though a general admirer of our ſex, yet he never ſeeks to gain the affections of an artleſs maiden, then laugh at her credulity, and boaſt of the poor triumph with his own companions. On the contrary, if he ſees a young lady acting derogatory to prudence, and decorum, he never fails pointing out the impropriety of ſuch a conduct to her, ſo that if ſhe is not deſtitute of delicacy, ſhe muſt ſenſibly feel the reprimand. "Nothing, Madam, (ſaid he to one of thoſe) adds ſuch luſtre to a lady's charms as prudence, and a modeſt, amiable reſerve; it gives a ſoft animation to her eyes, infinitely more alluring than the beſt practiſed ogles of a coquet are capable of acquiring; the one courts you by the corrected ſweetneſs of her ſmiles, the other raiſes diſguſt by her advances."

He was our conſtant attendant during the races. It inclined my ſiſter to give him an invitation to Woodbury, which he was as well inclined to accept, and for which favour I was inclined to be very thankful. He has been with us this fortnight, the badneſs of the weather has prevented our ſtirring out; this confinement has given him opportunity to ſtudy Lady Crauford's *penchant* for a little flirtation; and he has carried himſelf much to her Ladyſhip's ſatisfaction.

Sir Thomas is too much a friend to his eaſe, ever to concern himſelf about his wife's behaviour, was it to be even reprehenſible: but

but I hope it will never come to that. Forgive the liberty I take in ſpeaking thus diſreſpectfully of *your uncle*, as *my ſiſter* has likewiſe met with a ſhare of my invective.

If in the moſt obſequious deportment I can read the language of the heart, ſurely I may flatter myſelf this Marchmont is not inſenſible to the humble merits of your friend; yet has he never manifeſtly *declared* this. He leaves us to-morrow. Should this timid ſwain hazard a declaration of his paſſion, I leave it to your conſideration, whether it would be graciouſly received by your ſincere

HARRIOT GREVILLE.

LETTER V.

From Mr. MARCHMONT to CHARLES LEWSUM, Eſq.

HANG it, Charles, ought a man to marry whilſt he feels no tenderer emotions than reſpect and eſteem? What ſhould I do if, after the ſolemn vow has been repeated, the deſpotic tyrant Love, with a barbed arrow in his hand, ſhould appear *in propria perſona*, ready to "drive the winged ſhaft deep in my heart;" and by his magic influence, baniſh his cold uſurpers thence, and fix my whole ſoul on an object for

for ever barred from being mine. Is there virtue enough, think you, in a manly breaſt, to reſiſt ſo ſoft a temptation, the object ſuch as the warmeſt imagination could depicture her?

Miſs Greville poſſeſſes many amiable qualities; they engage (as I have told you before) my eſteem. Her perſon, though elegant to a degree, cannot inſpire me with any of thoſe delightful anxieties I would wiſh to feel for her to whom I muſt reſign myſelf for life.—No, Charles, none of thoſe mortal diſquietudes, thoſe violent perturbations, we young fellows think the neceſſary precurſors to the married ſtate.

When I know more of my heart, you ſhall hear more from your affectionate friend,

WILLIAM MARCHMONT.

LETTER VI.

To the SAME.

Woodbury.

AS I was preparing to leave Woodbury, my father unexpectedly called on me to accompany him to Portſmouth; he conſequently ſaw Miſs Greville. Her engaging behaviour to him ſtrengthened the deſcription I had given him of her, and without ſo much as hinting his deſigns to me, he began a treaty of marriage with her brother and ſiſter, who cloſed

cloſed with his propoſals. He flattered himſelf he ſhould acquire vaſt merit with me when he explained himſelf.—I ſtartled at the thought, yet had nothing to allege againſt it; however to the lady it compelled me to ſay a few civil things on the ſubject, on which I had till now been ſilent. The reception given them was ſuch as ought to make me happy. But my heart, Charles, is a refractory heart. In a few days we depart for Portſmouth, and are led to expect a viſit from them, as Sir Thomas has an eſtate in the neighbourhood.

So then the romance is at an end—The die is caſt—and I ſhall ſoon be married!

Adieu!

MARCHMONT.

LETTER VII.

Miſs GREVILLE to Miſs WALBROOK.

YOUR father's indiſpoſition at a time when your Harriot would wiſh to breathe every ſecret of her ſoul into your boſom, how *mal à propos!*—Yes, my Lucy, my prognoſtications were true; Marchmont's heart is at uniſon with my own. Ah, my dear Lucy, he makes a voluntary reſignation of his high-prized liberty to me. Shall I not then ſeek every laudable method to render myſelf worthy of ſo great an acquiſition? But

But in the mean time what becomes of poor Archer? he is worthy, he has long loved me with the tendereſt affection. You know he would not be repulſed; he ſwore to purſue me till that fatal moment in which I ſhould become another's. He refuſes my friendſhip, his heart aſpires after a more tender intercourſe. Unhappy Archer! I pity thy attachment to an ungrateful girl, that could never ſhew herſelf ſenſible to thy merits in the way thou wouldſt wiſh—Archer! my heart is Marchmont's, and never can be another's, whilſt he ſtudies to deſerve it. I hope, after a few hours ravings, and all the tragedy exclamations (of which there are numbers againſt our ſex) once uttered, he will deteſt the perfidious ſex, and reſume his former tranquillity.

Dying for love, is a doctrine I by no means believe in. I think I know my diſpoſition too well, ever to feel a ſigh for a man that could ceaſe to love me—I ſhould ſpurn the wretch with diſdain that ſhould dare to inſult my tenderneſs. But enough for the preſent. Adieu, and believe me yours with the moſt perfect amity,

HARRIOT GREVILLE.

I forgot to tell you that Marchmont and his father are gone to Portſmouth. Sir Thomas has promiſed to conduct us there next week.

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LETTER VIII.

From Mr. MARCHMONT to CHARLES LEWSUM, Eſq.

OH Charles! Charles! my fate is at length determined, and I am deſtined to feel all thoſe torturing anxieties, the moſt renowned knights of antiquity ever felt for their adored fair ones, when impriſoned in ſome giant's caſtle.—For whom? methink I hear you cry. Why faith, Lewſum, I can't tell—For what then? I tell thee a woman—and ſuch a woman—O Charles! it would be worth enduring an age of pain and diſappointments, at laſt to be rewarded with ſo bright a gem—a gem ſo illuſtriouſly reſplendent—But thou wilt think me mad—Take, take my adventure as it happened, and gratify thy curioſity.

As I was travelling early in the morning between Hungerford and Marlborough, I diſcovered a highwayman diſmounted, with half his body in a chaiſe, the driver of which lay, as I ſuppoſed, dead acroſs the road. Richard, who accompanied me, was armed as well as myſelf. We drew our piſtols and inſtantly ſurrounded the fellow, who ſaw us not till we came up with him; he had two piſtols, one of which he diſcharged at me, but I was fortunate enough to eſcape his fire, I looked into the chaiſe, and there I ſaw a lady ſunk into the bottom of it. "Villain,

ſaid

ſaid I, (animated by ſo piteous a ſight) receive the reward due to thy crimes," and inſtantly fired at him. The ball lodged in his arm, and he fell inſenſible on the ground. I left him to the care of Richard, and flew to the lady's aſſiſtance; I beheld her motionleſs and bloody, yet in her faded features I could diſcover youth and beauty; though ſhe had been deſtitute of both, her ſituation would have excited my compaſſion: but here ten thouſand fluttering ſenſations laid ſiege to my heart; I gazed on her for a moment with inexpreſſible anxiety, before I offered her the leaſt aſſiſtance. My firſt attempt was to lift her out of the chaiſe to give her air. The action made her diſplay two lovely blue eyes, expreſſive of the woes ſhe felt. At laſt, in a low voice, ſhe cried, "Indeed I gave you all, nothing remains but my life—take it—I will make no more reſiſtance"—"Madam, returned I, ceaſe your fears, behold in me a friend—a protector—The villain I hope has met with a chaſtiſement that muſt ſpeedily make an atonement for his crimes—See, Madam, he lies wounded, and ſecured by my ſervant." Richard had, by this time, bound him hand and foot, and ſtood over him with his piſtol, ready to fire ſhould he, on his recovery, attempt his eſcape. "Ah! ſaid ſhe, forgive my doubts, how ſhall I know"—"Put yourſelf, dear Madam, under my protection, and if you do not find me worthy of the confidence, deſpiſe me as I ſhall

I ſhall deſerve—But you bleed, Madam." "From the piſtols having been fired through the glaſs, a piece, ſaid ſhe, has lodged in my arm."—"Suffer me then to give you all the aſſiſtance in my power."—She preſented me a handkerchief with which I helped her to bind up her wounds. The more ſhe reflected on her danger, the more her terrors increaſed. I made uſe of every perſuaſive argument to allay her fears. She trembled prodigiouſly, and caſt a look upon me the moſt expreſſive of real woe I ever beheld; the tears ſtreamed in torrents down her cheeks: ſhe, I thought, ſtill looked upon me with a doubting eye—"Let me beſeech you, Madam, not to ſuſpect my honour."—I then told her that my ſervant and I were travelling, as ſhe, I ſuppoſed was, to the next town, that we were alarmed at ſeeing the driver of the chaiſe lying acroſs the road; we doubted not but deſperate work was going forward, and accordingly prepared ourſelves for the attack —"As my ſmall ſervices have been ſucceſsful, I think myſelf greatly rewarded. I hoped we ſhould have effected our purpoſe by leſs violent means, but the villain was deſperate when he ſaw himſelf ſurrounded. I ſurveyed your helpleſs ſituation, I fired at him, I was at the moment actuated by the ſpirit of revenge, otherwiſe, I ſhould not have been ſo precipitate: but it was the cauſe of honour, and even ſelf-preſervation; my

my arm, I hope, has never yet been lifted in a diſhonourable cauſe. Look again, Madam, and ſurvey the fatal effects of his temerity." When ſhe ſaw him in ſo forlorn a ſtate, her dove-like eyes were again ſuffuſed by the dew-drops of humanity—with looks and voice the moſt ſupplicating, ſhe begged his releaſe—" What, Madam, to inflict perpetual terrrors on your defenceleſs ſex! Has not his raſhneſs cauſed you to bleed? Did he not aim even at your life? No, Madam, he muſt ſuffer the ſeverity of his country's laws, otherwiſe you would, though unintentionally, be the cauſe of the future miſchiefs he would commit."

Several countrymen now appeared; one of them ſwore that it was the identical rogue that had robbed him of ſeven guineas on his return from market on Saturday evening. The poſt-boy was by this time recovered, and a conſultation was held between them in what manner they ſhould diſpoſe of their priſoner. At length it was decreed that they ſhould convey him to Juſtice D—'s to receive his commitment in due form. The poor wretch was unable to walk, ſo was mounted on Richard's horſe, cloſely tied to one of the men that conducted it. Richard was captain of the day, and preceded his little corps.

When the ſweet girl beheld his helpleſs ſituation, ſhe wept aloud and wrung her hands. She attempted to throw herſelf on her knees to intercede for him: her diſtreſs

moved all preſent. "Lack a-day! ſaid the farmer, who had been robbed, I like your good-nature well: but never mind, my lady, I ſhall be anſwerable for his death: you need not appear at ſize; I'll take it all upon myſelf. Don't you take on ſo mainly, the young gentleman will break his heart."—Her face glowed—ſhe turned it from me—I felt emotions—I ſighed—I took her hand—the troop marched off—I was involved in freſh difficulties; the time of ſeparation I apprehended was come—I found myſelf too much intereſted in her fate to quit her thus—The boy was now on his horſe; the lady much recovered, though extremely languid. Seeing every thing ready for her departure, ſhe poured forth a thouſand ſweet acknowledgments for the obligations ſhe owed me: ſhe would now put herſelf under the protection of Providence, and purſue her route—"You doubt my honour then, Madam, if you will not permit me to be your eſcorte till you are lodged in ſafety with your friends; or that you are in a better ſituation for travelling. If, I ſay, you did not doubt my honour, could you refuſe me the ſatisfaction of protecting you from farther inſults?" "Pardon me," replied the apprehenſive lady, confuſion taking poſſeſſion of every lovely feature as ſhe ſpoke—"You miſconceive me, Sir—Courage and humanity dwell not in ignoble boſoms—I am oppreſſed by my obligations—your goodneſs—" I bowed to her compliment,

ment, every nerve vibrated with uncommon joy, my eyes expreſſed the gratitude my heart felt: but I rejoined, "Adieu, Madam, ſuffer me to renew my enquiries after your health when you breakfaſt. I will endeavour to render myſelf worthy of the favour—I will not detain you longer; every moment's delay fills me with the utmoſt anxiety. Haſte on then, Madam, the man waits your orders to proceed; your arm requires aſſiſtance; you muſt feel pain you have reſolution enough to conceal. Adieu." I looked once more tenderly upon her: in my confuſion I *attempted*, or elſe I really *did* preſs her hand to my lips, I will not be too ſure, but I am moſt inclined to think the latter.

At that inſtant my horſe galloped by me with ſuch velocity, that in a minute I loſt ſight of him; Richard had left the reins hanging round a poſt, which he had torn to pieces to recover his liberty—She expreſſed herſelf extremely miſerable at the accident, I reaſſured her with an air of great indifference, entreated her to think no more of it, as we had not above ſeven miles before we reached the town—Was fond of walking—The morning not unpleaſant—Or it was not improbable but I might meet with ſome carriage whoſe company would compaſſionate my diſappointment.

At this laſt part of my ſpeech, ſhe looked viſibly diſcompoſed, a tremor ſeized her, as I found from the hand I held; and in her countenance

countenance I read a conteſt between compaſſion and prudence. I was pained, and affected to be inſenſible of the emotions ſhe felt. I ſaid, once more "Adieu! if my diligence can keep pace with your horſes you will not refuſe me the honour of breakfaſting with you." I was then preparing, though reluctantly, to leave her—"Stay, Sir, what an unfortunate event! where I would wiſh only to ſhow my gratitude—am I for ever doomed to give pain! yet heaven knows that I would rather die than—" I ſtopped her—"Madam, I was thinking—but no matter; my requeſt might ſeem preſumptuous—I will not hazard it—And yet if you do not doubt my honour, can you refuſe me a ſeat with you—You ſee I have had no converſation with the driver—My horſe has eſcaped with my arms, ſo that you need not dread any acts of violence from me."—Smiling—What could ſhe do? She bluſhed, heſitated, and ſtammered out in a low voice with her eyes caſt down, "I cannot ſuſpect you, Sir, of any ſiniſter deſigns, and will reſign myſelf to your protection."—Every fibre of my heart exulted at ſounds ſo welcome. I was extremely cautious in every word and action, that I might not alarm her timidity. This behaviour had its deſired effect, and we converſed with ſome degree of eaſe, till the chaiſe ſtopped. As *ſhe* grew more chearful, I grew more thoughtful.—Her diſtreſs, her air, and manner, ſtruck me to an uncommon degree.

I forgot

I forgot to make any reply to ſeveral queſtions ſhe addreſſed to me; I was loſt in the profoundeſt reverie I ever fell into in my life. —I could not then account for it, but time has ſince developed to me the cauſe.---She perceived it---She kindly ſolicited to know the motive; was obligingly apprehenſive I was not well.---My diſorder was trifling---a headach only, felt more from the pain *ſhe* muſt endure from her arm, than from any other ſenſation. The motion of the carriage had cauſed it to bleed afreſh, but ſhe paid little regard to it; though I could diſcover, by her change of countenance, ſhe was near fainting when we arrived at the inn.

As ſoon as I ſaw her ſeated, I ordered a ſurgeon, the beſt that could be procured, and juſt as I had prevailed upon her to take ſome drops, one appeared. She ſtarted at the ſight of a ſtranger. I gueſſed her thoughts and ſaid, "You muſt not be angry, Madam; the little concern you expreſs for your misfortunes tells me it is my duty to procure you the moſt expeditious aſſiſtance poſſible: and I further flatter myſelf, did your friends know that fortune has ſmiled ſo benignantly upon me, as to make me in ſome meaſure uſeful to you, they would load me with juſtly merited reproaches, were I to neglect the common aids of friendſhip, of humanity. This gentleman can procure you that aſſiſtance my heart would be proud to render you, was it in my power—May he not then have

your

your permiſſion to proceed?"——She thanked me in the politeſt terms, and prepared herſelf, with the aſſiſtance of the miſtreſs of the houſe, to undergo an examination. My eyes eagerly followed the ſurgeon's; they were not ſatisfactory. A large piece of glaſs was lodged in the fleſhy part of her arm An univerſal tremor ſeized me on his reporting that it muſt be cut out. "Oh God! exclaimed I, it muſt not be; for heaven's ſake, invent ſome more lenient means." Never mind, Sir, ſaid the dear undaunted maid, go on, I am no ſtranger to pain. 'Tis from our ſufferings we derive our principal virtues; thoſe who have not known adverſity may ſhrink at momentary evils. Proceed, Sir.'

The operation was a painful one, yet not a ſigh or lamentation eſcaped. Her loſs of blood, at length cauſed a total ceſſation of the pulſe: whilſt ſhe was attempting to addreſs herſelf to the ſurgeon, her languid accents died on her lips—her eyes cloſed —and ſhe fainted away.---My ready arms received her.---I was diſtreſſed paſt utterance ---unaccuſtomed to ſuch ſcenes, I feared ſhe was gone for ever. I applied my lips to her icy forehead, which indicated no ſigns of life ---"Oh, Sir, Sir, ſhe is gone! Cannot your art reſtore her for a moment?---See, ſee, how the cold hand of death has cloſed her charming eyes! Oh, my God, reſtore her, or———"

"Suſpend

"Suſpend your exclamations, Sir, ſaid he, the lady is only in a fainting fit proceeding from weakneſs."——"Propitious be your words!" I preſſed the unwounded hand to my lips, yet at the ſame time was apprehenſive the ſweet girl would diſcover the ſituation ſhe was in, and tear herſelf from me. Her return to life ſoon convinced me my conjectures were true: when ſhe beheld herſelf in the circumſtance above deſcribed, a faint glow overſpread her charming face, ſhe endeavoured to diſengage herſelf; not to add to her confuſion, I placed her on an eaſy chair, and ſhe recovered viſibly.

The ſurgeon was retiring after he had told us that her life might be endangered was ſhe to proceed on her journey that day, promiſing to ſee her again in a few hours. She aſſured him ſhe muſt continue her *route*. He then addreſſed himſelf to me. "Ah, ſir, ſaid I, if nothing *you* can urge will avail, I can boaſt of no influence over the lady, our acquaintance began not three hours ago." I then recounted the affair, adding, "that I hoped time and a further knowledge of my character might render me leſs unworthy of the honour I aſpired after." "Well, Sir, ſaid ſhe, (a bewitching ſmile playing on her ſweet face) then if you pleaſe we will defer ſettling that point to a future hour. I ſhould not now refuſe a diſh of tea were it offered me. Cannot I prevail on you gentlemen to take one with me?" The Doctor excuſed himſelf, and retired.

"Ah, Madam, how you reproach my want of attention! Loſt in the pleaſure of ſeeing you in ſome meaſure happily reſtored, I was heedleſs of every thing elſe."

Breakfaſt was inſtantly brought in, and I was ſo happy as to prepare, and preſent it to the diſabled charmer. Her converſation during our repaſt was ſpirited, and chearful, to an amazing degree. I wondered that the pain ſhe endured had not ſubdued her charming vivacity. "Why, Sir, ſaid ſhe, I have ſeriouſly conſidered, that if my ſpirits did not ſubdue pain, pain would be ungenerous enough to ſubdue my ſpirits."

Never paſſed moments ſo ſwiftly, or ſo delightfully to my imagination; but pleaſing as they were, my humanity made me conquer my inclination to continue them.

I retired, and deſired the miſtreſs of the houſe to prevail on her to lie down.—She ſucceeded to my wiſh, and in the mean time I ſat down and wrote thus far.

And oh, Charles, on re-peruſing what I have written, I find I am uncommonly intereſted in the fate of this dear unknown—And here conſcience, or ſome other monitor equally active, reminds me of an engagement I fear I ſhall have but too much reaſon to deem a fatal one, ſhould a further knowledge of this amiable woman prove ſuch as my heart tells me it will. Her air, her manner, all ſhe does and ſays, convince me ſhe is well deſcended. How ardently I long to know

know her name, and connections! I have yet been with-held from making the wiſhed for enquiries, leſt by being too precipitate, I might defeat inſtead of gratifying my curioſity; before our ſeparation I flatter myſelf I ſhall gain the deſired information.

Here I was called off. Poor Richard is returned ſcared out of his wits, finding my horſe grazing by the ſide of the road, about a mile diſtant from the place where he left me, he doubted not but there muſt have been a party of theſe collectors on the road, and that they muſt have ſeized and murdered me. His return was delayed two hours in conſequence of the ſearch he made after me. The criminal is now lodged in the villain's laſt retreat, from whence he will not return, but to make expiation for his paſt enormities—The countryman's depoſition will be ſufficient to prove his guilt, without the lady's appearance.—I am glad of it; painful would have been the taſk to a heart tender and ſuſceptible as hers appears to be.

Soon as I heard ſhe was in the parlour, I deſired permiſſion to pay my reſpects—I was admitted—ſhe looked ſweetly amiable; a delicate bluſh, on my entrance, added beauty to every feature—every look to my delighted eyes, darted ten thouſand loves and graces—every moment I grew happier and happier, till I was quite inebriated with tranſport. This delightful *téte à téte* was interrupted by the return of the ſurgeon: the wound was

again examined, and pronounced to be in a fair way, if ſhe would ſuffer two or three days confinement. What a ſenſible fellow is this! thought I; he certainly reads the ſentiments of my heart. "Very true, anſwered I, on his making the above obſervation, a too ſudden removal might bring on an inflammation, in conſequence of which, to preſerve a life ſo valuable, even amputation might be neceſſary, the bare idea of which fills me with horror." I told her that my ſervant ſhould be diſpatched to any part of the kingdom to acquaint her friends of the ſituation ſhe was in. "Upon my word, young lady, rejoined the ſurgeon, the gentleman adviſes admirably; I entirely coincide with his opinion. You muſt, therefore, Madam, reſign yourſelf to our remonſtrances." She thanked me in the politeſt terms for the offer I made her, and added, "I am ſorry you think it neceſſary to defer my journey for ſo long a time, as the happineſs of a beloved friend depends upon my appearance." —"Now, Madam, ſaid I, interrupting her, I am convinced of the reaſon why you thus lament the cauſe of your detention. The heart that participates your friendſhip muſt deſpair at a moment's deprivation of ſo ineſtimable a bleſſing—Good Heavens! a lover at this moment, perhaps, tortured with apprehenſions by this diſappointment, may do a deſperate deed." I can neither deſcribe my own feelings while I uttered this, nor the

way

way in which I delivered it: fear, jealouſy, rage, and even contempt for the unknown I had ſuppoſed, threw, I believe, even ſarcaſm into my manner. She looked earneſtly on me, and replied, "You, Sir, I fancy, have formed very romantic ideas of the tender paſſions; for my own part, I think it merely ideal, the reſult of a lively imagination, which creates to itſelf ten thouſand hopes, fears, alarms, and diſtractions, that the rational mind totally diſclaims. Love is a ſelfiſh paſſion, a narrower of the heart, a debaſer of the underſtanding, reduces the moſt refined talents to the level of rude and uncultivated minds: but, perhaps, Sir, you have felt its influence with force enough to contradict what I have juſt been ſaying." I bowed. "I *have*, Madam, felt all the tranſports, all the inquietudes that a heart naturally warm *can* feel; and could you but read the conflicts that paſs this moment in my breaſt, they would convince you that the paſſion you treat with ſo much levity of heart, is not an ideal one, but formed, I hope, on the moſt ſolid baſis—upon virtue, patience, ſweetneſs of temper, and, what never fails in its influence over our ſex, beauty, Madam. Yes added I,

Beauty that nor wants, nor fears,
Swords, or flames, or ſhields, or ſpears,
Beauty ſtronger aid affords,
Stronger far than ſhields or ſwords,
Stronger far than ſwords or ſhields,
Man himſelf to beauty yields."

"Ah,

"Ah, Sir! ſaid ſhe, interrupting me, and turning to the ſurgeon, this gentleman's opinion cannot ſtand good in law; the paſſion he boaſts of has affected his brain, and all he has uttered is merely the effects of a heated imagination. Did you ever, Sir, find ſo many perfections united in one female? Could I believe the colouring in your picture juſt, I ſhould think my whole ſex flattered by it. Give me leave to tell you, that you have greatly exaggerated her merits in your portrait"—"Oh! no, Madam—ſhe is more charming than painting can expreſs. Did you but know, as I could wiſh you did, the dear original, your generoſity would do juſtice to her merits."

Much in the ſame chearful manner continued the converſation, till we parted for the night, which, by the ſurgeon's deſire, was early.

The more I converſed, the more I found my heart attached to her—ſo I ſhut myſelf up for the remaining part of the evening in my apartment, to recite to thee the adventures of the paſt day; and now, Charles, what think'ſt thou of theſe perplexities? The injured Harriot, the lovely ſtranger, are both preſent to my bewildered imagination—Honour ſhrinks abaſhed at ſight of the former ---and my heart bounds with tranſport when I contemplate the beauties of the latter.--- Her dreſs ſeemed to indicate the purity of her mind; the white ſattin of her gown was

rivalled

rivalled only by the more dazzling luſtre of her complexion; her lovely form was enwrapped in a cloak of the ſame colour; her tranſparent apron diſcovered a petticoat of the paleſt pink; her hat and cap, though unexceptionable in themſelves, were the only parts of her dreſs I diſliked; for being faſhionably, and moſt provokingly cloſe to her face, they concealed from my eager gaze, beauties my raviſhed eyes wiſhed to explore: yet, ſpite of the cloſe adherence of the latter, a ſtraggling ringlet of the brighteſt auburn would now and then diſplay itſelf; a pair of white ſattin ſlippers, tied with ribbons of the ſame colour with her petticoat, received ornament from the prettieſt feet in the world---But why, Lewſum, do I dwell on ſo trifling a ſubject as her dreſs, when I have to tell thee that the ſparkling of her eyes have enſlaved my ſoul! Repreſent to yourſelf whatever is animated and expreſſive, and in hers you will meet with all. Her noſe of the Grecian kind---the very ſort, Charles, which you and I think ſo eſſential to beauty; on her left cheek a dimple that takes captive the ſenſes, whenever her ruby lips are opened to breathe forth the captivating powers of wit and wiſdom.

What the event of another day may be, heaven only knows! Should the recital of her ſtory be ſuch as my ſoul deſires, I will make her acquainted with my engagement; tell her of my love, and crave her compaſ-

ſion;

ſion; and then, Charles, who knows what then!

Thou wilt not fail calling me a precipitate fellow---But who can anſwer for the ſudden ebulition of paſſion in the breaſt of a young man, who has never yet been oppoſed in a ſingle wiſh? Be ſatisfied, however, that no diſhonourable views ſhall ſully her name or mine; nor ſhall you ever bluſh to acknowledge for a friend

your faithful

MARCHMONT.

Tueſday night, paſt 12 o'clock.

LETTER IX.

To the SAME.

OH, Charles! I ſay again, and again---and again, and do thou ſay *amen* to it ---that the devil may take the whole ſex, my incognita and all; they are compoſed of diſſimulation, hypocriſy and artifice. Finely duped by Jupiter! If I retained the leaſt *penchant* for an individual of this fooliſh, plotting, contriving ſex, I ſhould curſe---But as I have not, and feel no ſenſation above that of the calmeſt indifference, I will proceed with as ridiculous a ſtory as ever poor devil had to deliver.

Whilſt I was revolving on my bed this morning a thouſand ſchemes of future feli-

city,

city, could my preſent engagement with Miſs Greville be diſſolved, and beſtowing many reproaches on myſelf for my precipitation in that affair, as I had never been actuated by any extraordinary emotions---Richard enters with a billet. Who can have found us here, thought I, as I opened it? I encloſe it for you, did ever man receive ſo ridiculous a compoſition? all made up of malice, pride, and perverſeneſs.

BILLET.

" Sir,

" Indiſpenſible buſineſs obliges me to ſet " off ſo early in the morning as to make it " impoſſible for me, perſonally, to offer you " my moſt grateful thanks for the kind aſ- " ſiſtance you granted me in the unlucky " event of yeſterday. Your polite acknow- " ledgement to the ſurgeon ſhall be reimburſ- " ed you, by the miſtreſs of the houſe. " Your humanity and goodneſs to the diſ- " treſſed, will ever be remembered with gra- " titude and eſteem, by,

Sir,

" your much obliged

" and moſt obedient

" humble ſervant."

P.S. " Would my arm have permitted " me to write myſelf, I would not have

" employed another's hand to tranſmit my " thanks to you."

Wedneſday morn, 5 o'clock.

I inſtantly ordered the landlord to attend me, who gave the following particulars. That about midnight, the lady had ſent for his wife, and aſked her, if ſhe would give her ten guineas upon a ring, which ſhe ſhewed her, to defray the expences ſhe had contracted in her houſe, as it was worth twice the ſum ſhe wanted, till ſhe had ſeen her friends who would readily redeem it; or if they in the leaſt doubted its value, ſhe would depoſit ſuch of her cloaths with them as they ſhould think proper. The woman declined accepting either, adding that every thing had been diſcharged by me; but ſhe was peremptory, and left behind her ſix out of the ten ſhe had received on her ring. " And here, Sir, are the five guineas ſhe deſired ſhould be given you in lieu of thoſe you paid the ſurgeon." She ordered a chaiſe to be ready to carry her to the Devizes, " and this, Sir, continued he, is all I know of the matter."

How, Lewſum, were all my politics confounded! I could have piſtoled myſelf for vexation. What methods could I purſue? She had four hours the ſtart of me; my mind was too much intereſted to reſiſt purſuing her. I traced her to the Devizes. She had taken a chaiſe there, but no-body knew where it was directed to: it was not to return that night.

night. This circumſtance was an addition to my chagrin, as was every other relating to her. Of whom could I enquire—for whom?—A tall lady—a handſome lady—or a lady with a wounded arm, that had run away from me. If I do not hear from her ſoon I ſhall certainly advertiſe her in every market-town in the weſt of England—I never ſhall reſt till I have ſeen her, to reproach her for her ingratitude, and want of confidence in me. My fooliſh love I have given to the winds; ſo don't fear me, ſhould the deſired interview take place. I am firm in my reſolution. At the next ſtage I'll finiſh this incoherent ſcroll.

In Continuation.

——— Met a returned chaiſe on the road—Aſked the driver where he had been—"To carry a lady to ———." "Dreſſed in white?" ſaid I. "Yes, and pleaſe your honour: a gentleman's carriage met us on the road, ſo that I was ſent back before we reached the ſtage. The chariot had only one gentleman in it." I muttered curſes. "What was the livery? What were the arms?" impatiently demanded I. He was ignorant of every thing. He remembered no more than that the gentleman ſtepped out, took her in his arms, kiſſed her, and drove off in a moment.—"The gentleman young and handſome no doubt?" ſaid I. He was tall,

tall, and his cloaths all over gold lace; but as to his face, he had an not opportunity to ſee it. The lady expreſſed vaſt joy at ſeeing him, Lewſum, I don't doubt it. Charles, I was here guilty of the greateſt piece of folly and meanneſs that ever entered the heart of man; I engaged the fellow to return with me to the place ſhe had quitted, and entered his chaiſe. How was my ſoul agitated when I found myſelf on the very ſeat on which the fair ingrate had ſat. I held the taſſels by turns that I thought *ſhe* had held. I ſearched the ſeats and pockets to find ſome relique of her. I found a white pocket handkerchief; I put it into my boſom—I haſtily withdrew it, fancying I ſaw her embrace with rapture the golden toy in whoſe carriage I then ſuppoſed her to be. There was an L. in one corner of my new treaſure; whether it was the initial of her chriſtian or ſirname, I was at a loſs to gueſs. In fine, Charles, I played over ſo many tricks, that in calmer moments I may bluſh to think of. Perhaps ſhe may be gone to Bath—I go—Let thy next find me there.

Adieu!

MARCHMONT.

LET-

LETTER X.

Mr. LEWSUM to W. MARCHMONT, Eſq.

My dear Marchmont! *London.*

LET me conjure thee, by all the warmth of the ſincereſt friendſhip, to give over ſo illaudable a purſuit. Is honour no longer an inmate of your breaſt? How is my heart pained to think with what ardour you ſtrive to ſtifle every noble principle in your ſoul, that ſoul, which was, till one fatal moment, actuated by the nobleſt ſentiments. Admitting you could recover this fair run-away, what advantages would reſult from it? Is not your honour, your promiſe, pledged to an amiable woman, worthy of the tendereſt affection? Was not the offer of your heart a voluntary one? Believe me, my dear William, in the calmer hours of marriage, that affection which is founded on the knowledge of her unſullied virtues, will avail much more than that mad paſſion you have conceived for a woman merely becauſe ſhe has a pretty face, and that you were ſo happy as to relieve her in the hour of diſtreſs. In conſequence of her grateful acknowledgments for a favour that no man of honour would have denied her,—your mind is inſtantly inflamed by the fire of quixotiſm; you are for running ſeven miles on foot by the ſide of your Dulcinea's chariot,

till at length her ſavage virtue is ſoftned; ſhe deſcends from her altitudes; you are diſappointed of your nobly-intended pilgrimage by your goddeſs's condeſcending to give you a place by her in her triumphal car.

There is but one way by which you can convince me you are yourſelf again; by dating your next from Woodbury.

In the name of friendſhip, Marchmont, what is become of thy boaſted ſpirit? What ſeek her ſtill? when the laſt accounts thou hadſt of her, ſhe was ſeen in the embraces of another.

Depend upon it, ſhe has her reaſons for concealing her name, and connections from you. My life for it ſhe is nothing more than an itinerant adventurer. Would a young lady, think you, of reputation and family, travel without a friend or ſervant? Had you been leſs ſuſceptible, and your ideas leſs romantic, you might have penetrated her motives: her flight, in my opinion, will be the cauſe of as much diſappointment to herſelf, as it has been to you; for no doubt ſhe expected you would be in purſuit of her within an hour after ſhe left the inn.

Happy was it for you that you chanced to ſleep late that morning; had you heard of her eſcape ſooner, who knows what miſchiefs might enſue! Long ere this, you might have laid before her the ſtory of your idle paſſion, and her art might have decoyed you into a precipice from whence there is no retreat.

If

If you have the leaſt regard to the opinion of your friend, maturely weigh the advice I give: be ſtill as thou wert, my pride! my boaſt!—Marchmont, thy honour is dearer to me than life; then do not ſeek to ſtain it. I love thee; the ſame ſentiments once informed both our boſoms; then do not (let me conjure thee) by deviating from the principles which make thee amiable, deſtroy the peace of thy

LEWSUM.

LETTER XI.

Mr. MARCHMONT to CHARLES LEWSUM, Eſq;

Bath.

I FORGIVE thee, Lewſum, for all the ſeverities which have eſcaped thy pen, as far as they regard myſelf. But Diomed-like to aſſail my Goddeſs, is not to be borne; an itinerant adventurer! oh, Charles, how could I curſe thee! but I beſeech thee, my dear Lewſum, let me be ruined my own way. What appears diſtraction in thy eyes, is tranſport in mine: however be aſſured, my dear ſentimental Charles, that no irregularity of conduct ſhall ever give thee cauſe to be aſhamed of thy Marchmont: but ſee her I muſt—ſhe is not at Bath. In this little empire of faſhion and folly, I have ſought her in vain; I ſhall therefore leave it to morrow.

Adieu.

LET-

LETTER XII.

To the SAME.

IN ſober ſadneſs then, dear Charles, I reached Aſhley laſt night; my father ſeemed well diſpoſed to hear how I had paſſed my time ſince I left him, had I been as well diſpoſed to have communicated.

I amuſed him as well as I could with public affairs, which ſeemed to ſatisfy him.

Alas! Lewſum; he obliges me to quit him; in two days Woodbury demands my preſence—How ſhall I extricate myſelf?

Think, Charles, of a lively, animated fellow, naturally ſincere, being obliged to addreſs, in the language of love, a woman never more than eſteemed, even while his heart was his own; and now that that heart and ſoul are devoted to another, would it, Charles, be juſt to Miſs Greville, to purſue my addreſſes farther?

Had not this curſe been partly my own ſeeking, I ſhould not heſitate a moment at my conduct.

Yet, Lewſum, honour bids—love, thy countermands are vain;—Lewſum! I am determined.

Thine,

MARCHMONT.

LET-

LETTER XIII.

Woodbury.

BY my addreſs, I hope, Charles, you are pleaſed with my reſolution; but faith you cannot imagine how much it coſts me. The ſtruggle was hard, but duty and honour prevailed; I blew my folly to the wind, and ſtayed not to ſee to what point of the compaſs it was borne.

I was received by the whole Woodbury family with the moſt flattering marks of eſteem.

Miſs Greville was in behaviour all that a fond lover could wiſh, and much more than I deſerve. With that gentle ſoftneſs ſo natural to her, ſhe obligingly reproached me for my abſence. I began to congratulate myſelf on having determined to fulfil my engagements, and obey the dictates of honour.

Our *tetê à tête* was interrupted by Miſs Greville's being called out of the room. I ſat down by the fire, and was giving way to the various reflexions that aſſailed me, when my reverie was interrupted by a voice on the outſide of the glazed door, which anſwered to the garden, calling Harriot to finiſh her directions about the ſhrubs, which the gardener was juſt going to diſpoſe of. Finding no anſwer returned; the perſon from whom the voice proceeded, entered the room. At ſight of a lovely form

I ſtarted

I ſtarted back,
It ſtarted back; but pleaſed I ſoon returned,
Pleaſed it returned as ſoon—

but, not *with anſwering looks of ſympathy and love*; for, ah, Lewſum! it was ſhe, my lovely fugitive?—Involuntarily—inſtinctively—not unconſciouſly—I claſped her in my arms, but was obliged inſtantly to withdraw them—the trembling, bluſhing maid aſtoniſhed at ſeeing me——or frightened at my viſible emotion---or both---ſuddenly diſengaged herſelf. "Excuſe me, Madam, if my joy at ſeeing you again, and to all appearance well, has betrayed itſelf in a manner too lively, perhaps, for the common forms of politeneſs; if ſo, forgive."

I gazed for a moment upon her; I ſtopped unable to articulate another ſyllable; I believe ſhe at once read the joy and perplexity that my mind laboured under. "I am happy, ſir, ſaid ſhe, ſmiling (what buſineſs had ſhe to ſmile and expoſe her bewitching dimples?) that after my abrupt departure from Marlborough, which I hope you did not miſ-interpret, my fortune has again favoured me with an opportunity of repeating my thanks to you for all your care and tenderneſs of me." "Dear Madam---mention not---I was happy---your departure---" thus was I blundering on, unable to connect either ideas or words, and how I ſhould have extricated

extricated myſelf heaven knows, when fortunately Miſs Greville entered the room.

"I have been in ſearch of you, Lucy, to preſent you to Mr. Marchmont; you are to love him for my ſake:" Lewſum, ſhe turned pale I thought, but replied, with great quickneſs, "Mr. Marchmont! is it poſſible that to the lover of my Harriot, I am indebted for my life? Yes, my dear, this is the gentleman to whom I told you I was ſo much obliged, whoſe name I never learnt till now." "And this, my dear ſir, ſaid Miſs Greville, is the friend of my heart; my Lucy Walbrook, whoſe virtues you have heard a thouſand times announced from my lips---let me preſent the deareſt friends I have in the world to each other." She led her to me, I received her from the hand of her friend, and availed myſelf of ſo delightful an opportunity of ſaluting the loveliеſt of women; the fair perverſe one would have limited me to her cheek, but I purſued her averted face, and preſſed her glowing lips. My confuſion was as apparent to her, as hers was to me. Never was I in a ſituation equal to what I then endured; the unaffected politeneſs and tenderneſs of Miſs Greville ſtruck me to the heart---the conſciouſneſs of the injuries my unhappy paſſion was ſtimulating me to commit, made me ſhudder with horror. Miſs Walbrook's vivacity forſook her; her complexion changed; her friend obſerved the alteration: but on her making the obſervation

obſervation, her lovely features were ſuffuſed with an unuſual glow. "I am not ill, ſaid ſhe: if you perceive any alteration in my features, it muſt be from ſurpriſe to find in the courteous knight whoſe valour I have ſo often boaſted to you (ſmiling) the lover of my Harriot. May you both be happy! Then turning to me, "And, remember, ſir, you will be entitled to my regard in proportion as you ſtudy to promote the felicity of my deſerving friend.'

Was not this, Charles, throwing me quite out? What could I ſay? Miſs Greville left the room before I had time to form a reply. My ſituation became extremely embarraſſing ---now the window---now the floor---and laſtly my fair engaged my attention—for I could not inſtantly aſſume courage enough to addreſs her; but after two or three hems, and two or three aukward twirls, I approached her, and ſtammering out ſomething to this purpoſe:

"Nothing, Madam, can equal the ſurpriſe I felt at a *rencontre* ſo unexpected: had you but favoured me with your name and connections, what a world of anxiety had I been ſpared! Did you but know with what unabated ardour I have purſued you---" "Hold, ſir, ſaid ſhe, and do not make me think, after the obligations I owe to you, I ſhould have been ſo unfortunate, by the conduct which appeared to me indiſpenſible, as to give you pain; but if it did, ſir, for that

and

and for any other unintentional offence I may in future commit, I beg your pardon. But yet I cannot think myſelf ſo culpable as you in your accuſation ſeem to make me, What could you have thought of my prudence, had I been as communicative as you ſeem to think I ought to have been? Your curioſity diſplayed itſelf too viſibly; had you been leſs curious, I had been leſs reſerved. A mere woman you found, ſir, fond of making the ſimpleſt things appear obſcure."

"Very true, Madam; you ſaw my ſolicitude---you treated it with the moſt painful contempt, at the ſame time you hurt my delicacy by your repeated effuſions of gratitude for an action that humanity could not have with-held from the moſt undeſerving; yet at the very moment were meditating how you might deprive me of your ſight for ever. Had you but felt a thouſandth part of what you ſo obligingly expreſſed, would you, by ſo haſty a flight, have robbed me of the means of offering you my future ſervices? But, Madam, I cannot wonder at your haſty departure, ſince it was to fly to the arms of that favoured, happy lover, who met your chaiſe, and to whoſe care you committed yourſelf.

She had the cruelty to burſt into an immoderate fit of laughter, which quite confounded me.

"True, ſir, it was a moſt extatic moment, my heart throbbed---never was it more elated

elated than when I embraced my uncle Sir James."

"Good Heavens!---He is then your uncle! I am ſatisfied." She looked alarmed; I endeavoured to quiet her fears by ſaying, "I muſt ſtill be an encroacher on your goodneſs ---My heart ſolicits your friendſhip; if by the moſt reſpectful attention I can ever merit it, Marchmont may rank himſelf amongſt the happieſt of men."---"Forbear, ſir, let me intreat you, I have but a very ſlight opinion of friendſhip ſo ſuddenly contracted—Yet as the lover, as the huſband of my Harriot, you will be entitled to my warmeſt eſteem."

I kiſſed her hand in token of my gratitude. She was not angry; ſhe ſmiled—She received it as the tribute of friendſhip, the friendſhip of Miſs Greville's lover—mortifying reflection. Oh, Charles, Charles! What has my raſhneſs done! I give to an amiable woman a huſband who never can deſerve her, and place an inſurmountable bar between myſelf and her who only can make me happy. Yet while I can gaze on her with innocence, I will indulge the painful delight of contemplating the ineſtimable treaſure I have, thro' my own folly, loſt. I go to ſeek her.

Thine much more than his own.

MARCHMONT.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

Miſs WALBROOK to Miſs HANMER.

Woodbury.

MY dear Harriot has acquainted you with the accident that befel me on my road to Woodbury, and of the cauſe that prevented my acknowledging your three laſt letters.---Oh! Fanny, no longer condemn me for flying from the man that was bleſt with every power to charm,—I found attractions in him too powerful to be reſiſted; I feared to indulge myſelf in beholding his amiable form; his dark penetrating eyes, I thought would read the language of my ſoul; had I liſtened longer to eloquence like his, not all my reſolution would have been ſtrong enough to have torn myſelf from him. What could I do then but fly the too pleaſing temptation? I did, though at the hazard of my life. Diſcretion approved the action, and in ſome meaſure conſoled me for the loſs of ſuch charming ſociety. Shall I tell you my weakneſs; I dreaded ſhould I ſtay longer with him to learn that he was a prize far above my humble hopes. His anxiety, his tender ſolicitude were ever before me. I bleſſed my fortitude, at the time I ſighed in ſecret for the penance I had impoſed on myſelf.

At one time I reproached myſelf for my precipitation and ingratitude to the man that had

had raiſed me to life. At another time I approved the action, and was more content. Time, my dear Fanny, might have ſtifled thoſe perturbations, had not time preſented him to me in the perſon of Marchmont, the declared, approved, accepted lover of Miſs Greville.

No, my friend, my Harriot, my own happineſs is not dearer to me than yours; I will ſuppreſs every tender thought as it ariſes; I will call to my aid the natural playfulneſs of my diſpoſition to aſſiſt me in a ſituation ſo critical.

Adieu, my Fanny; intreat my dear Reverend Mr. Hanmer to continue his prayers for me; but you need not acquaint him with the cauſe for which I aſked them.

LUCY WALBROOK.

LETTER XV.

From Mr. MARCHMONT to CHARLES LEWSUM, Eſq.

Woodbury.

LEWSUM, how perverſe a fate is mine! This amiable Harriot, this unexceptionable woman, treats my truant heart with all the tenderneſs which love could wiſh, or truth could merit, while Lucy the ſole object of my paſſion, the ſource of my diſquiet, the cauſe of my infidelity, is either blind to my diſtreſs, or if ſhe ſees it, ſees it with indifference;

difference; but even this might be borne did ſhe not, with her coquetry towards the moſt contemptible of animals, ſtrike daggers through my ſoul.

A wretch that heaven and nature never formed; a beau, a macaroni, a diſgrace to manhood, ſuch is the deſtroyer of my peace.

His age is about forty, yet if you do not take him in front, from the infantine appearance of his form, he might paſs for a lad of twelve; his eyes grey and ſpiritleſs, can with difficulty ſurvey any object beyond a certain projection called a noſe, that riſes in the middle of his face, but riſes to an uncommon height, occaſioned by a fall from his horſe, a creature, that from the fragility of his figure and effeminacy of his manners, you never would have ſuſpected he had the courage to mount.

His glaſs, which is tied to his botton-hole, he is obliged to, when he contemplates the beauties of the lovely Lucy.

His teeth are fine, and conſtantly diſplayed by a hideous grin, which I imagine he miſtakes for a ſmile; his face thin and ſharp, the whole *contour* extremely unamiable. He moves with as much preciſion as an Automaton; his voice wants ſtrength to be manly, and ſweetneſs to be feminine; his hand when drawn from his glove (which is but ſeldom) for delicacy of colour might vie with a lady's; his converſation a corruption of Italian and French. On all ſubjects he affects

to be witty, and as often as he ſpeaks, applauds himſelf for ſome agreeable conceit.

To this haberdaſher of languages, this retailer of the *bon mots* of others, does the woman my ſoul adores diſplay all her attractive powers. How the puppy glories in the diſtinction!

But it cannot be; her underſtanding is of the ſuperior ſort, above her years, I had almoſt ſaid above her ſex; but I deſpiſe thoſe illiberal prejudices, which only the arrogance and vanity of men have given riſe to. Women are naturally our equals, and for aught I know (if their faculties were not quenched by the wretched mode of education they are condemned to) many of them our ſuperiors; but how I ramble! I meant to ſay that 'tis impoſſible ſhe can really feel any preference for this contemptible animal: 'tis playfulneſs, 'tis ſport, but to me 'tis death.

The volatile little witch has been ſeveral days on a viſit to Sir Thomas Cary's, whoſe ſeat is about twelve miles from Woodbury. Sir James in her abſence has often called upon us, and has judiciouſly choſen me the confident of his amour. He declares himſelf abſolutely *entêté* with his *petite campagnarde*. It is very poſſible; but if ſhe never can be mine, ſhe never will, nay by heavens ſhe never ſhall, be his.

Miſs Greville, the amiable Miſs Greville, is worthy a ſincerer lover. The moſt reſpect-

ful

ful attention I do pay her; but alas, my heart is not to be commanded.

Ever ſince I have been here, I have been ſilent on the ſubject of our marriage. What muſt ſhe think of ſuch a tardy wooer? Charles, I muſt vanquiſh this unhappy paſſion, nor trifle with the quiet of this deſerving woman. Forgive this implied vanity; but ſhe is too good, too delicate to receive as a huſband, a man who is not dear to her as a lover.

Should you ſee my father, ſay any thing *for* me or *of* me—but that I love a coquet, and only eſteem a moſt valuable woman.

Adieu!

MARCHMONT.

LETTER XVII.

Miſs WALBROOK to Miſs HANMER.

Woodbury.

IS it neceſſary that I ſhould tell my Fanny, that man is a reaſonable and active being!—a beau is void of reaſon and totally inactive. Man is endued with a noble and perſevering ſoul—a beau is void of ſoul, void of every faculty that ſhould adorn and elevate the mind. A man braves dangers, loves virtue—a beau careſſes monkeys, feeds cats, and knits purſes. A man loves his king, loves his country, loves truth—a beau loves

himſelf, admires himſelf, eſteems—no not eſteems even himſelf; eſteem is an exertion of the ſoul that can be felt only *by* the worthy, *for* the worthy.

This, my dear friend, is an exact contraſt between William Marchmont, Eſq; and Sir James Pringle: the latter I can proudly boaſt, has received his death's wound from the bewitching glances of my blue eyes—as he has ſworn on his knees—ought I, or ought I not, then, to pour into his wound the healing balm of my compaſſion?

Thus I trifle, Fanny, though I never was more unhappy. My dear Harriot is cold and reſerved; can ſhe ſuſpect me of injuring her in her love? That Marchmont is no longer the engaging lover ſhe deſcribed in her former letters is too true. I fear he is not happy; if the cauſe of his diſtreſs proceeds from motives that ſeem but *too* apparent, I will puniſh his infidelity, and ſhew him that gratitude is the only ſentiment he is to expect from me.

Oh, my Fanny! he is too incautious in his behaviour for me not to diſcover which way his affections tend. Had he not been devoted to my friend, my heart would but too readily have yielded to the impulſes by which it was ſwayed on our firſt meeting.

Sir James I have almoſt admitted as a lover, a uſeful animal, as things are ſituated, to exerciſe a little *badinage* upon—I hope my plan has ſucceeded; Marchmont is more reſerved towards

towards me, but not more attentive to my friend. She ſends for me. Adieu.

In Continuation.

I found her in her dreſſing-room, diſſolved in tears. I made uſe of all my rhetoric to calm her diſtreſs, but my attempts availed not; when the firſt guſt of grief was over, ſhe addreſſed me as follows:

"Lucy, from my infancy I have choſen you the friend of my heart; not a thought in my boſom was ever concealed from you: you knew the ſtory of my love; I wiſhed you to be a witneſs of my happineſs. How ſhall I ſpeak the reſt?—I endeavour to beguile the thing I am by ſeeming otherwiſe."

She fell on my boſom and wept afreſh; ſhe kept me for ſome moments in the moſt painful ſuſpenſe by her ſilence till ſhe proceeded. "Let me entreat you, Lucy, to deal candidly by me, and anſwer my interrogatories." I bowed; ſhe continued—"That I am no longer in poſſeſſion of the heart of him whoſe happineſs is my only wiſh, is but too evident. Do not heſitate, but tell me; I will forgive you, if you ſay that you have robbed me of his affections, and that to you he has made a tender of his vows. But let me warn you, my Lucy, not to be too ſure of them: his temper I fear is too volatile to form a laſting attachment. What deſolation may not his inconſtancy cauſe amongſt our unthinking

unthinking ſex! Yet how polite, how attentive his behaviour! How then can I reproach him? But his eyes tell me it is only the effect of a diſpoſition naturally ſweet, and that tenderneſs has no ſhare in it." She ſtopped and ſighed. It is now my turn, my dear Harriot, to give the neceſſary anſwers to your queſtions; and may they be ſuch as will reſtore peace to my friend! Marchmont, I hope and believe, is leſs culpable than you ſuppoſe him. Be happy, my deareſt Harriot; if his heart is not in *your* poſſeſſion, the offering was never made to *me*. You have been both an eye and an ear witneſs to whatever has paſſed between us. His too great attention to me has ſometimes hurt me; you have ſeen my rebukes and applauded them. Had I ſeen Marchmont unengaged, I ingenuouſly confeſs, that had his choice elected me, I could have wiſhed my fate united to his, in preference to all his ſex. But from the moment I learnt his engagements to my Harriot, I have ſtudied to render myſelf worthy the friendſhip of both, and entirely ſmothered thoſe ſentiments I conceived for him at our firſt interview, which were much damped by the animated deſcription of the miſtreſs of his affections, who could be no other than yourſelf; tell me then, my dear, if what I have ſaid is ſatisfactory, and what further lies in my power to do? Shall I tell

Sir

Sir Thomas to write to my father to recal me to Parkmount; I will obey the ſummons, and ſwear to you never again to ſee the man who has cauſed you ſuch diſquiet."

"No, my Lucy, ſaid the dear afflicted girl, your abſence, next to the loſs of the dear inconſtant, would be the greateſt of evils. Had I but liſtened as I was once inclined, to the propoſals of the worthy Archer, I had not now been a victim to the moſt poignant diſquiets. Now can I feel for his diſtreſs; I love like him; like him deſpair---I am the ſubject of *his* grief---and oh, Lucy! another cauſes mine. See Marchmont; endeavour to diſcover his ſentiments; opportunities will be frequent---nor fear to tell me what I long, yet dread to know."

I aſſured her of my beſt endeavours to ſerve her---ſhe again wept and fell on my neck; her diſtreſs excited my tears; we ſobbed in concert. Our attention was called off by the unexpected appearance of the cauſe of all our diſquiet. He ſtood aghaſt at the viſible diſplay of our ſorrow. "Heavens! my amiable friends; what can excite your diſtreſs? Let me partake of your ſufferings, as I partake with you thoſe moments when pleaſure enlivens the heart. Let me ſhare your diſtreſs." He threw his arms round us, he embraced Harriot; the ſame favour was intended me, had I not withdrawn myſelf, and haſtily left them, I thought it a

happy

happy moment, and flattered myſelf that his heart would eaſily be brought to ſympathize in her diſtreſs.

So whilſt every circumſtance was freſh in my memory I wrote thus far.

Adieu.

LUCY WALBROOK.

LETTER XVII.

Mr. MARCHMONT to CHARLES LEWSUM, Eſq.

MY God, Charles! in what diſtreſsful perplexities am I involved—Harriot, by her amiable tenderneſs, diſſolves my ſoul—Lucy, by the enchanting ſprightlineſs, the inimitable grace of her every action, binds my heart to her; yet I alone, the moſt ardent lover that ever breathed—I alone, I ſay, am ſelected as the object of her indifference.

Whilſt that *thing*, Sir James, proudly boaſts of his ſucceſs, I only meet with her contempt. Perhaps you'll ſay I deſerve no more; yet as I ſought not the path that led me into ſo intricate a track, pity me—for once on *fate* reſt the error, and not on *my* heart.

Yeſterday I interrupted the friends in the midſt of a tender ſcene: they were weeping on each others boſom. In one embrace I clapſed them both to mine: the cruel Lucy fled me; the gentle Harriot was unable; her feet refuſed their office, and ſhe remained almoſt

moſt breathleſs in my arms. The more tender my behaviour became, the more her diſtreſs increaſed. I kiſſed her hands alternately —I wiped away the ſtreaming tears—I was affected, was ſoftened—at that moment Lucy and the witchery of her powers were forgot; Harriot, the afflicted Harriot, was preſent.

I attempted to ſooth her—I talked of—of what I have ſince forgot—of love. She was raiſed by it. I was at that moment determined not to recede—but, Charles, frail are the determinations of men. She refuſed appearing at breakfaſt. I ſolicited the permiſſion of partaking hers; it was granted me. I thought myſelf now in a fine train, every thought of Lucy was rejected, and Harriot again was queen.

Our converſation continued for two hours, ſo that when we appeared in the parlour, we learnt that Sir Thomas and my Lady were gone an airing in the chariot; Lucy on horſeback. The ſervant informed us their *route* if we choſe to follow them. Harriot declined it, yet begged that I would go; her entreaties prevailed upon me, though at that time I was impelled by no particular motive.

I gave the reins to my horſe's neck, and with folded arms went on,

Revolving in my altered mind,
The various turn of all below,
And now and then a ſigh I ſtole.

In the midſt of my reverie, I was interrupted, by ſeeing a horſe paſs ſwiftly by me, but without a rider. I immediately knew it for Miſs Walbrook's. My rhapſodies were all put to flight, my heart felt the moſt alarming diſquiet, and away I gallopped, or rather flew; yet every moment fearing I ſhould behold her mangled limbs on the road. At laſt, beyond my hopes, I beheld her reclined on a bank, with her back toward me; ſhe ſeemed to be rubbing her foot; I was unhorſed before ſhe could look round.

" My God! Is it you? Tell me, do you live? My fears diſtract me." She ſeemed alarmed and agitated while ſhe told me, that by her horſe having thrown her on that bank, ſhe received ſo ſevere a contuſion on her foot that ſhe was unable to put it to the ground, but had eſcaped any further miſchief, the fright excepted. ' Thank God, ſaid I, with an ardour that brought my ſoul into my eyes; but tell me what can be done for you? It is not the firſt time I have been your ſurgeon. You once kindly permitted me the honour, am I leſs worthy now?" Her cheeks were heightened by a deep glow; ſhe turned her head from me; ſhe endeavoured to ſuppreſs a ſigh, it was the firſt time I ever ſaw her affected with any thing I could ſay; my heart throbbed tumultuouſly, I preſſed her hand, ſhe ſtarted, ſnatched it from me, and complained of her foot. At this moment we ſaw the chariot accompanied by Sir James.

James. "Thank heaven, ſaid ſhe, here comes the carriage, and my dear Sir James," added the inſulting witch, recovering from the ſoftneſs which had thrown my whole frame into agitation, and reſuming part of her uſual ſprightlineſs; before I could give vent to the curſe which trembled on my lips at the endearing epithet ſhe had beſtowed upon that wretch, the chariot was come up.

The ſight of us both on the bank, was a ſcene of much ſurpriſe to the company who approached us. Sir James almoſt expired when he learnt her diſaſter. "Your generous concern, Sir James, ſaid ſhe, affects me more than the pain I endure from my foot. Cannot your uſual prudence furniſh me with ſome means to aſſuage the pain?" "What an unfortunate wretch I am! exclaimed he, that I rode forth this morning without my travelling apparatus! But let me ſee, here is my little bottle of *arquebuſade* for contuſions, my *ſans pareille*, my *eau de luce* for head-achs and giddineſs." My Lady and Sir Thomas ſmiled at his harangue, but quitted not the carriage.

The *arquebuſade* was made choice of, Sir James prepared himſelf to pour it on the wound. Lucy however permitted not that, but took the phial from him, and poured the water through the ſtocking on her foot, which was prodigiouſly ſwelled, and gave her the moſt acute pain, notwithſtanding her attempts to conceal it. She then endeavoured

to

to bind it with her handkerchief, but Sir James and I interpoſed; *his* offer was accepted, mine was rejected. A ſigh eſcaped me, her ear received the fugitive as it left my boſom. She threw down her eyes, ſhe was ſilent.

She attempted to riſe, but found it impoſſible—" Sir James, ſaid Sir Thomas, cannot you bring my niece in your arms to the chariot?" Sir James looked confuſed, I looked pleaſed—" Nay pray my dear Sir James, ſaid I, oblige Sir Thomas, oblige Miſs Walbrook; happy man to be thus diſtinguiſhed; had I been permitted the honour I ſhould not needed to have been reminded of my duty." He made a manly effort to raiſe her, but alas! he was unequal to the taſk—his foot ſlipped and he fell beſide her—The coachman and footman laughed aloud. I raiſed him—I condoled with him; but I confeſs that there was more of irony than compaſſion in what I ſaid.

I then addreſſed Lucy, " As Sir James through an unlucky accident is prevented from offering you thoſe ſervices you ſtand in need of, permit me, Madam to give you that aſſiſtance;" and without waiting her reply, I took her in my arms and conveyed her to the carriage. But from the perturbation of my mind was hardly able to go through the taſk. I preſſed her ardently to my boſom—Her whole frame confeſſed how much ſhe was internally agitated, from what motive I was at a loſs

a loſs to conjecture. At our return I carried her through the court, and into the parlour, Sir James tripping penſively by our ſides. Lucy looked ill and diſpirited, her vivacity had forſaken her.

Before I ſeated her, I availed myſelf of one tender embrace——She looked angry and bluſhed---" Cruel, ſaid I, forgive my raſhneſs---I am miſerable." This was only whiſpered; Harriot hearing of our adventure ran with affright into the room. Lucy burſt into tears, my eyes caught the alarm. That my emotion might not become viſible I withdrew to my apartment, and having wrote thus far, I here bid thee

Adieu.

MARCHMONT.

LETTER XVIII.

To the SAME.

EIGHT tedious days are now elapſed ſince I wrote my laſt, and not one agreeable reflection ſtole upon my mind to help the hours along. Lucy's accident confined her great part of that time to her chamber. Her dear image was ever preſent to my imagination, though my eyes were denied the ſatisfaction of gazing on her; my love became ſtrengthened by her abſence. Miſs Greville's attempts to pleaſe, met not with the leaſt ſucceſs. I ſhunned her ſight, I

ſought

ſought ſolitude, but comfort fled me. When enough recovered to come among us again, the dear girl once more reſtored an emotion of joy to my late perturbed ſpirit; I fear to Miſs Greville but too apparent. The impending ſtorm I doubt not will ſhortly burſt over me—Can I be more wretched? Oh, Lewſum, yes. When my raſh vow is fulfilled, when I am the huſband, not of my Lucy—but of—Spare me, Charles.

Adieu,

MARCHMONT.

P. S. Pity a man, ſometimes a ſlave to his paſſions, but never ſeeking to juſtify their irregularities.

LETTER XIX.

Miſs WALBROOK to Miſs HANMER.

Wooodbury.

AT Marchmont's requeſt I accompanied him to the garden, it was the firſt time I had ſeen him for ſeveral days, having been under confinement with a lame foot, in conſequence of a blunder of my horſe: ſome particular circumſtances attending this accident I have not leiſure to relate.

I was pleaſed at the propoſal, as I wanted an opportunity of pleading Harriot's cauſe, to whom his behaviour became daily more cold and indifferent. We walked; he continued

tinued ſome time ſilent, though he made ſeveral attempts to ſpeak, but they ſucceeded not; he looked pained and dejected; he took my hand and ſighed—but ſtill ſpoke not—he ſeemed to reſpire with difficulty. I preſſed to know if he was ill—adviſed him to reſt at the end of the walk. Without anſwering, he led me to it, and ſeated himſelf by me. He ſighed again. Heavens! thought I, what will be the event of all this? At laſt he addreſſed me.

"I am, my dear Miſs Walbrook, as you kindly obſerve, very far from well; my ſpirits labour under an amazing depreſſion. A circumſtance has happened to me in the courſe of a few months, that has undermined the foundation of all my hopes."—He pauſed—"I am ſorry for it, ſir, but let me aſk you if you are not one of thoſe characters, who having no real difficulties to encounter, imagine for themſelves a thouſand chimeras to fright them from the plain peaceful path which lies before them?" "No, my dear Miſs Walbrook, 'tis no chimera, no fancied ill, that diſtreſſes me. It is an ill that admits no cure." "Then, ſaid I, ſmiling, it is a deſperate one, indeed; but I beg your pardon, ſir; I beg Harriot's pardon too; ſhe would ſeverely chide me if ſhe thought I treated thus ſlightly any misfortune of yours." "Harriot. ſaid he, oh, God! it is too much! yet ſhe is all that's amiable. Oh, Lucy! Lucy—graſping my hand and ſighing—oh, Miſs

Walbrook

Walbrook! I have a tale to unfold—your opinion and ſecrecy you muſt not refuſe me." I bowed and he proceeded.

"A friend of mine, an honeſt fellow too, was ſuddenly faſcinated by the witchery of your ſex, and lured from the paths of honour, which, till one fatal moment, he had invariably purſued. He ſolicited the hand of a charming woman, whoſe boſom glowed with more than a common ſhare of female perfection; ſhe was handſome too, and diſcreet; he ſaw her, and thought he loved, but time has convinced him of the contrary, and proved his ſuppoſed paſſion to be only eſteem. He ſighed for domeſtic happineſs, and thought he had found the perſon with whom he might attain it; his addreſſes were approved by herſelf and friends, and though not proſecuted with warmth, they were received with pleaſure.

"In an unpropitious moment, chance preſented to his view the moſt amiable of women; her perſon was all beauty; her mind all accompliſhment; her ſoul all virtue: from the ſoft luſtre of her eye, which ſpoke her elegant mind, his heart received a wound never, never to be cured—he loved—Miſs Walbrook, his infidelity to his former miſtreſs is amply returned upon him; the preſent object of his wiſhes feels not his diſtreſs; ſhe laughs at his deſpair—Oh, Lucy! her cold heart is inſenſible to the eyes of ſoft language."

language." He ſtopped, looked upon *me*, then on the *graſs*; the pellucid drop ſtood trembling in his eye—I was affected; yet obliged to harden my heart—virtue demanded this ſacrifice of me, had I not my dear Harriot's cauſe to ſupport: Yet, had I given way to the contagious ſoftneſs, I could have numbered with him "ſigh for ſigh, and tear for every tear."

"You demand my opinion, ſaid I, with a firmneſs that aſtoniſhed even myſelf. I give it you candidly; and may what I have to ſay, awaken in your friend his ſleeping honour! Tell him, if you pleaſe, Sir, from me, that I reverence the ſpirit of the girl that could treat his criminal paſſion (for ſuch give me leave to call it) with contempt. You have been to blame to give me an account ſo much to the diſadvantage of your own ſex. And are there then men, of reputed honour too, with hearts ſo ſhameleſsly inconſtant, as firſt to engage the affections of an amiable, virtuous, woman, and then ſuffer an unwarrantable paſſion ſo far to gain the aſcendency over them, as to baniſh reaſon, principle, and honour? Your friend? Sir, in my opinion, deſerves all the reſentment and indignation, offended pride and inſulted tenderneſs can ſhew him: to be ſhunned as a monſter by all the truly virtuous of *our* ſex, and by *his own* publickly to be branded with the character of a deceiver." During my harangue, his countenance diſplayed the moſt violent

violent perturbations; one moment it was heightened by a glow; the next, a death-like paleneſs poſſeſſed itſelf of every feature; his boſom heaved with ſighs, which he vainly endeavoured to ſuppreſs; his hands, when they ſeized mine, had no vital warmth in them. In this painful ſituation what could I do? What friendſhip and virtue demanded. Under the maſk of inſenſibility, I concealed my own emotions,—"This then, ſaid he, is your opinion of my friend's caſe. Do his ſufferings deſerve no compaſſion?" "None at all, in my opinion Sir; and I doubt not but yours intirely coincides with mine, from the knowledge I have had of your principles, ſince I was firſt introduced to your acquaintance, and from Miſs Greville's letters preparatory to that introduction." I was going on, when he ſnatched my hand with a ſuddenneſs that made me ſtart: he darted a look at me that made me tremble; but I recovered, and determined not to loſe ſight of my purpoſe.

"In the affair in queſtion you aſk advice of an improper perſon: Miſs Greville who ſcruples not to acknowledge the tendereſt ſentiments for the only man ſhe thinks worthy of them, can ſpeak more judiciouſly on an affair, that to you ſeems of ſo much importance, than I, who am as inſenſible to the artillery of love, its ſighs, its tears, and all its ſoft nonſenſe, as the moſt hardened marble is to heat. Have you acquainted her with this ſtory? If you have not, give me leave

to

to fetch her, and I'll lay my life ſhe will think your friend as much to blame as I do. Adieu; I'll bring her in a moment, and let her opinion decide for you." I was going—"Oh no—for heaven's ſake, let me beſeech you, ſtay—on my knees I entreat it—There is a reaſon—a moſt powerful one, why ſhe ſhould not be made acquainted with it. By that friendſhip you have honoured me with, let me conjure you not to go." "I muſt, I will; ſhe alone has a right to ſhare your troubles; her fidelity and tenderneſs you never can repay; ſhe lives but on your ſmiles, your unkindneſs ſhe never can deſerve. As you have choſen her the partner of your heart, do you think ſhe has not generoſity to ſhare your troubles. Riſe, Sir, I bluſh at your humility. Fly to her then, if you refuſe my fetching her; you have not ſeen her to day; aſk her advice, and let it weigh with you. Could my lover be capable of treating me with ſuch cold indifference—I would break my chains, recover my freedom, blow my paſſion to the winds, and look on your whole ſex with contempt."

"Miſs Walbrook, ſaid he, in a ſpiritleſs accent, I believe no ſenſation ſuperior to that of compaſſion will ever occupy your breaſt." "And is any other ſenſation neceſſary to make one happy? But go, Sir, ſpeak comfort to my friend; I have further to talk with you of her ſome other day. I have not time to ſay more now. I have promiſed to take

an

an airing with Sir James, who lends me his little beautiful Peggy, in lieu of my own aukward devil that was ſo near demoliſhing me. I have but a few moments left to prepare myſelf; in the mean time dedicate yours to my Harriot. I was ſtepping from him when he ſnatched me in his arms—"By Heavens you ſhall not go, though ruin ſeize me. If I loſe Miſs Greville's good opinion eternally, without me you ſhall not go." His eagerneſs made me tremble. "You threaten, Sir," "I do, ſaid he, and vow you ſhall not go." He muttered ſomething to himſelf, and at the ſame time looked wildly upon me. "Oh! ſaid he, claſping his hands, would heaven that ſees the agonies that rend my ſoul, put a period to my exiſtence! My brain cannot long be ſenſible to the torture I endure; deſpair is rooted in my breaſt, and hope is fled for ever. But go, toſſing my hand from him, I have no right to detain you; purſue your pleaſures, and leave me to ſuffer what I merit. Your commands ſhall be obeyed, I ſee my error." He laid his ſpread hand on his breaſt, looked ſternly upon me, haſtily left me, and took another walk. For ſome moments I remained in the place, petrified with wonder.

I rode out, as I had ſaid, and returned not till evening when I learnt he had left the houſe ſoon after me. I enquired for Harriot; ſhe had been inviſible the whole day, and begged ſhe might ſee no-body. I deſired to

be

be admitted; was refuſed. I forgot to tell you I had been detained the whole day at Sir Thomas Cary's, occaſioned by a violent ſhower of rain.

My mind, my Fanny, was never in a more unhappy ſtate. Marchmont deſerved not my love or friendſhip—But pity—Could I refuſe him that? His ænigma wanted no other ſolution than what I could give it. He is a baſe deceiver, Fanny; unjuſt to my friend, my amiable Harriot; yet would endeavour by his inſidious arts to ſubvert my reaſon. I am pleaſed he thinks I have a *penchant* for Sir James, it has been of much ſervice to me. What a variety of paſſions diſtract me: My heart would rebel, but it ſhall riſe ſuperior to Marchmont's too captivating powers. Had fate decreed him mine, my Fanny—but I will not allow myſelf to write on this ſubject—He was the only man—Begone my pen—nor dare purſue this farther.

A note is juſt brought from him. I hope he is not ill. I will enquire the cauſe. "Muſt deprive himſelf for a few days of the plea- of ſeeing us—at Mr. Jones's met with an old acquaintance."

Ere he returns may his thoughts be ſettled, and may he act worthy the man of honour he has till now been eſteemed!

Sir James was warm in his profeſſions of love, but as Marchmont was not preſent, I threw

threw ſo much water on his fire, that at parting ſcarce a ſpark remained.

Adieu!

LUCY WALBROOK.

LETTER XX.

Mr. ARCHER to G. GRAFTON, Eſq.

OH, George! I again repeat, for the thouſandth time, that all my misfortunes ariſe from too ſuſceptible a heart. Doomed eternally to ſuffer from the caprice and inſenſibility of a ſex, I love and hate alternately. Miſs Greville, on whoſe ſmiles dwelt all my hopes, has by her rejection, fixed the moſt rooted deſpair in my heart —What has the unhappy Archer further to do with life!—ſhe was his Heaven——his Hell.---I went no more to Woodbury after the cruel news had reached me that young Marchmont's ſuit was received with the higheſt marks of approbation; her heart was not proof againſt his tender eloquence; one ſoft look from his expreſſive eyes is ſufficient to ſubdue the moſt determined inſenſibility.

He looked, and ſhe could not but love!
She is faithleſs and I am undone.

Never man yet, George, had reaſon to boaſt of being diſtinguiſhed by her as thy friend

friend. I had ſucceeded, had not the curſed Marchmont's preſence untimely intervened.

When I had breathed out my ſoul in the tendereſt accents, ſhe heard, ſhe pitied, ſhe gave me her compaſſion, which I hoped ſoon to have improved into a more tender flame: but this Marchmont has robbed me of the moſt diſtant hope. When I hear they are married, I quit England for ever. Adieu. Be happy; and believe me

Your

FRANCIS ARCHER.

LETTER XXI.

To the SAME.

EVER ſince my laſt I have been endeavouring to drown my *ennui* in diſſipation; but it would not do. Whilſt I attempted to recover my freedom, an accident has made me more a ſlave. Could I behold my Harriot in the arms of death unmoved? Yes, George, I have reſtored her to life, and Marchmont!

I was airing in my chaiſe about three miles froom Woodbury, on a road, the upper ſide of which was ſkirted by a hill, the lower by a rivulet. As the ſtream ſeldom runs high, it is uſually paſſed by company on horſeback, who wiſh to indulge themſelves in the brown ſhade of a large grove at the end of a meadow on the oppoſite ſide; paſſages are cut thro' it

it for thoſe who in ſummer chuſe to ſhelter themſelves from the piercing ſun-beams under the thick foliage of the branching oaks. I was not far from the uſual place of croſſing, when I ſaw a lady attempting to paſs; the brook was much ſwelled by the frequent rains, the horſe plunged, ſhe diſappeared---I flew from the chaiſe. I ſaw her borne down the ſtream---I ruſhed into it. Its rapidity bore her from me, till her cloaths became entangled in ſome briars that grew on a bank, part of which had fallen into the water. Till I had dragged her to the ſhore, I knew not what a valuable treaſure I had held: but when I contemplated, as I then thought, her breathleſs form, and recognized in it all I loved, I was frantic with deſpair. The ſervant, who had more preſence of mind than myſelf, attempted ſeveral means to recover her, but they were all ineffectual; at laſt he bethought himſelf that her pockets might furniſh him with ſome eſſence; I ſearched them, and ſucceeded. We applied it to her noſtrils and temples; in a ſhort time the blood re-animating her lips announced her return to life---my ſpirits were revived. On her opening her eyes, ſhe beheld herſelf in the arms of the faithfuleſt of men, hanging over her in all the agonies of woe. She ſighed piteouſly' and again fainted away. I waited not her recovery, but carried her to the chaiſe, got in myſelf, and reſted her head on my beating boſom. The motion

of

of the carriage recovered her; ſhe opened her eyes to thank me.

"Sir, I am unworthy of this goodneſs! Tell me how I came here; your cloaths are drenched in water—the cauſe is explained—Ah! why did you raſhly riſque a life ſo valuable to all your friends, to preſerve one of ſo little eſtimation?"

"Low, Madam, as I am unhappily ſunk in your eſteem, think you my breaſt is actuated by no principles of humanity? Yes, every earthly good would I forego to render the leaſt benefit to the moſt amiable of women." She bowed. "Think, Madam, of the anxiety and deſpair that all who are ſo happy to be diſtinguiſhed by your love or friendſhip would have felt, had you breathed your laſt in that fatal ſtream—Your brother; your ſiſter; your lover—and laſtly, allow me to rank myſelf among the number of thoſe that wiſh your happineſs; but, oh, Madam, it is impoſſible for me to deſcribe what I feel, whilſt I ſee you in ſo dangerous a ſituation, and that may prove ſo prejudicial to your health."

She politely ſeemed ſolicitous for mine. We drove at a great rate. I diſpatched my ſervant before, to provide every thing for her reception. She expreſſed herſelf intereſted for my welfare, with all that ſoothing tenderneſs of which ſhe is ſo capable. Had we not ſoon to have been ſeparated—perhaps for ever—my raptures would have been un-

bounded; my eyes were ſuffuſed in a flood of tenderneſs, ſo that I almoſt ſobbed my thanks. Every body, with horror-ſtruck countenances, were prepared to receive us: but, happily for me, no Marchmont; though I ſaw her languid eyes wander on all ſides to find him. I could only ſigh all that my tongue wiſhed to utter. I preſſed her hand, gave her a tender parting look, and ruſhed out of the room to conceal my emotions. Lady Crauford and Miſs Walbrook both intreating me to be put to bed. Perhaps I rejected their intreaties with more precipitancy than was conſiſtent with politeneſs; but the houſe was painful to me; the thoughts of Marchmont's arrival, diſtraction. I threw myſelf into the chaiſe, and there found myſelf affected with a women's ſoftneſs. Adieu for the preſent. My uncle prevents my adding more than that, next to Miſs Greville's, I am yours.

F. ARCHER.

LETTER XXII.

From Mr. MARCHMONT to CHARLES LEWSUM, Eſq.

Wellford.

I ARRIVED here yeſterday evening, and propoſe to ſtay no more than a few days, if in that ſpace my reaſon and my honour

nour can triumph over my unhappy paſſion. She is not worthy of my love; neither am I worthy of the attention of one of the beſt of women. Have patience with me, Lewſum, while I tell thee all my folly.

Since I wrote thee laſt, I have laid the ſtory of my love before my inflexible Lucy; related it as of a friend, intreating her opinion, and thus ſhe gave it: that the man that could act with ſuch duplicity ought through the world to be announced a villain. "Thoſe are your ſentiments then, Madam." "They are, Sir, and will be thoſe of every perſon of *honour*, either male or female." "Do you make no allowances for the miſtakes of the heart?" "None for its vices, Sir." She then referred me to Harriot, as the proper perſon to ſhare my confidence, and ſooth the diſquiets I felt on my unworthy friend's account; then left me ſelf-convicted that all the lovely maid had uttered was but too ſtrictly juſt. I found myſelf ſo agitated by our converſation, that unable to ſuſtain the preſence of either of theſe amiable women, I returned not to the houſe, but came directly off for Welford. I have ſent my excuſes for remaining here a few days.

You once gloried in your friend, that all his actions were directed by the ſtricteſt principles of honour: but then love had not unhinged his ſoul, nor temptations aſſailed him. Painful have been his ſtruggles, and virtue ſhall triumph, although I forfeit by it

the moſt deſirable of all appellations—that of being called the huſband of my Lucy: But, alas, I have no ſuch hope to forfeit! No tenderneſs, no ſenſibility in her nature, or if ſhe has, I fear that Sir James alone is capable of inſpiring it: but again I aſk thee, Lewſum, how that can poſſibly be with a woman of her underſtanding?

MARCHMONT.

P. S. I have received ſeveral epiſtles from my father, full of reproaches that my affairs are not more *en train*—He purpoſes viſiting Woodbury, to be preſent at a certain dreaded ceremony: but, upon my ſoul, I believe, ere that, I ſhall become an inmate of Bedlam. Oh, Lewſum! doſt thou yet ſet any value on the friendſhip of a wretch like Marchmont?

LETTER XXIII.

To the SAME.

Woodbury.

AN event has happened in my abſence that will make me ſubſcribe to the decrees of fate with leſs reluctance than I thought I poſſibly could have done, ſome weeks ago. My temerity is puniſhed: I have loſt my dear Lucy, and with her all my hopes. Her father hath recalled her. Sir James left the country the day after, and is gone

gone to town—Lady Crauford ſuppoſes, to have ſettlements drawn, that he may take them down with him to her father, as ſhe apprehends every thing is ſettled between the young people. Hell and fury! Lewſum, 'twas too much to hear at once. I had at times flattered myſelf that her great inſenſibility was affected—but no, 'twas real—ſhe was a woman, and I am miſerable.

Indelicate creature! on ſo ſhort an acquaintance—but then the love of titles and empty vanity is the ruin of them all. Her father, they ſay, will be fond of the match, as he has led a life of expence, and this daughter has proved ſome alloy to his gaieties. But, oh Lewſum! I love her ſtill too tenderly to give her up without regret, and the moment in which I was made acquainted with her ſtory was perhaps the moſt unhappy of my life. But I hope I was fortunate enough to hide my concern from the eyes of her Ladyſhip, though in general they are but too penetrating.

Now for a word of Miſs Greville. A circumſtance about a week ago had well nigh happened, that would have made my infidelities riſe in judgment againſt my conſcience to my lateſt exiſtence. She was become pining and melancholy, ſhe ſhunned all company, generally rode out attended only by one ſervant. In one of thoſe rides her horſe ſtumbled as ſhe was attempting to paſs a ſtream. Fortunately the enamoured Archer came

came to her deliverance, and conducted her home. Had ſhe died, my errors would have flaſhed conviction in my face, and her death I ſhould have attributed to the teizing ſuſpenſe in which my embarraſſments have held her. She ſhuns all ſociety; Miſs Walbrook, before ſhe left her, no longer ſhared her friendſhip. I have not ſeen her yet—I go. Now for the trial.

In Continuation.

Okely.

When I begun my letter I thought not of concluding it here. Suſpend your wonder for a while, and patiently wait for the concluſion of my narrative.

I waited on Miſs Greville. She aroſe to meet me, pale and dejected. After the uſual compliments were over, I begged to learn from herſelf the particulars of her late misfortune, to which ſhe acquieſced. The well-painted dangers ſhe had undergone made me forget the anguiſh I endured on the loſs of all my hopes—my Lucy. At the recital my whole ſoul diſſolved in tenderneſs; for if it has not lately been actuated by the niceſt rules of honour, yet it glows with compaſſion for even fancied ills; how then muſt it have felt for this truly worthy woman? The tender concern I expreſſed, and the curſes I denounced on myſelf for being abſent at a moment when ſo valuable a life was in danger, affected her; the tears ſtreamed

ſtreamed from her languid eyes—" Let me wipe away thoſe tears, Miſs Greville, ſaid I, they reproach me. Why, my dear Harriot, was I not before made acquainted with your illneſs?" " Alas! Sir, what end can it anſwer, that you ſhould thus ſtrenuouſly plead a tenderneſs, I never could deſerve? At leaſt it is long ſince, if I ever did. Liſten to me, Mr. Marchmont; be not ſurpriſed—I here releaſe you from an engagement that muſt be painful to you, as it is no longer a voluntary one. Had you acquainted me with the ſtate of your heart (for I ſtill flatter myſelf it is not deliberately bad) you would have ſpared *me* much pain, and *yourſelf* too. Your inconſtancy I would attribute to the natural volatility of your diſpoſition, did not my inferiority to my charming friend explain your motive. May ſhe never have cauſe for my regret!"

" For God's ſake, my deareſt creature, ſure you do not recollect yourſelf—dear Miſs Greville, your head is not well—you dream." —" Perhaps I do, Sir, or perhaps I did, when I was mean enough to liſten to a tale in the garden, when you poured forth your ſoul to Lucy: (you muſt refer to my laſt letter but one, Charles, if you want a ſolution to this) I felt the well-depictured woes of the friend who was the ſubject of your conference; I doubt not in the leaſt of their reality. I will no longer be a bar to his happineſs; and may my dear Lucy's credulity never

never be impoſed upon, as mine has been! I do you the juſtice to acknowledge you treated not my character unworthily; your love was only transferred to a more worthy, a more deſerving object; one who abhorring your perfidy, rejected the uncertain offering, and with a true ſpirit returned it to the honourable owner, that he might make another tender of it where the changeable diſpoſition of its maſter was leſs known.

"Madam! ſaid I, throwing myſelf at her feet, I plead guilty, nor will I ſeek to extenuate my fault. It was my unhappineſs to love without a hope of return. I tryed to conquer my paſſion: I left Woodbury, in hopes when I came back to render myſelf more worthy of the tenderneſs of the beſt of women. As I here kneel before you, permit me to requeſt you will not divulge my ſhame, nor let Miſs Walbrook ever know my guilt." She promiſed ſhe would not, and I proceeded: "Guided by your amiable example, I hope my future behaviour towards you will be ſuch as to obliterate my paſt offences—May the candor of my confeſſion ſoften the rigour of your indignation! the behaviour of your amiable friend has reſtored me to reaſon and to virtue; and ſhe has convinced me, by the purity of her behaviour, of the unworthy part I have acted. Speak then, deareſt Madam, and ſay I am forgiven." "I have obſerved, ſaid ſhe, with more calmneſs than I could have expected, I have ſeen your ſtruggles

gles between love and honour, I have ſtudied you with too cloſe an eye, ever to wiſh to enter the marriage-ſtate with you. Reſume your happineſs and freedom; all ties between us are henceforth diſſolved; I claim a ſhare only in your eſteem; you cannot, I think, refuſe me that. Command my friendſhip; it will be ever ready to ſerve you, even with Miſs Walbrook."

"For God's ſake, ſtop, Madam, if you would not wiſh to ſee me expire with ſhame before you. Is my fault of ſo unpardonable a nature?" ſhe interrupted me. "I have ſtudied the nature of it, Sir, and have been for ſome time endeavouring to obtain a proper degree of ſpirits to aſſiſt me in making this declaration. Your paſſions are lively: a moment's reflection will allay the *ſeeming* diſtreſs you labour under." "*Seeming*, Madam! by Heaven!—" "Stop, Sir, I have juſt done—Your honour ſhall not ſuffer from this ſeparation; to the world it ſhall appear as an act of my own. I ſeek no juſtification but from the conſcious rightneſs of my intentions. Adieu! Sir, you will ever have my good wiſhes; but on the former terms we meet no more." So ſaying ſhe haſtily left me, in a ſtate better imagined than deſcribed.

I was endeavouring to utter ſomething equal to the generoſity ſhe had expreſſed, but the language of eloquence and ſoft perſuaſion were denied me. Remorſe and con-

trition were the only feelings I was ſenſible of. Never did woman, in my eyes, appear ſo amiable as ſhe did, when ſhe gently reproached my infidelities—even Lucy was, for the time, forgot—I would have ſacrificed my life to have obtained her forgiveneſs, to have been favoured by one kind look or expreſſion. For above an hour I remained abſorbed in a profound reverie, where ſhe left me. As I was juſt going to drag myſelf to my apartment, I heard a buſtle in the hall, that portended the arrival of the company; it made me ſtart---the door opened---my father appeared; never was his preſence ſo unwelcome. I was not yet enough practiſed in the ſchool of deceit, to aſſume a joy I felt not. My chagrin was too ſtrongly depicted on my countenance to eſcape his penetration. He deſired to know the cauſe. He preſented me with a letter from you. I could not read it, I put it into my pocket. He ſaw the perturbation of my mind. "William, ſaid he, you are viſibly diſtreſſed; has your father ever proved himſelf unworthy of your confidence or friendſhip? What is the matter?" I ruſhed out of the room, unable to articulate a ſentence. I haſtily ordered Richard to ſaddle my horſe, and unperceived left the houſe in ten minutes. I rode about four miles to a ſmall inn, from whence, as ſoon as my ſenſes became a little collected, I diſpatched my truſty fellow with a note to my father, to excuſe me for that night; an event

event of an extraordinary nature having happened, that rendered me unfit for converſation; but that I would pay my duty to him and my good friends in the morning." To which he was pleaſed to return the following moſt gracious anſwer.

"Mr. Marchmont,

"*Where*-ever I ſee you, and *when*-ever I "ſee you, I ſhall not fail to pronounce you "a villain, and alien to my fortune, and my "blood. You may ſpare yourſelf the trouble "of relating to me the "*event of ſo extraor-* "*dinary a nature*;" my good Lady Crauford "has ſaved you the trouble. Vile young "man! I know the fault is yours, though "the amiable Miſs Greville endeavours to "take it all on herſelf. Thank heaven that "ere this, the artful little witch, that en-"ſnared you, is puniſhed as ſhe deſerves, "and all your fooliſh hopes are deſtroyed. "Miſs Greville pleads for you, but in vain. "I renounce you, I diſinherit you of every "ſhilling, as far as lies in my power; and "may ſhame and beggary overtake you! "May the indulgence of your rebellious "paſſion ſupply the place of fortune! May "the woman you marry, give you eternal "cauſe to repent your diſobedience; and "may your children appear as graceleſs in "*your* eyes, as you do in thoſe of your "afflicted and much-offended father,

Woodbury. "HORATIO MARCHMONT!"

Herc's

Here's for you, Charles! What method can I take to ſubdue this outrageous gentleman?—Something muſt be done; yet I cannot meanly ſue, though twice his fortune, and Lucy Walbrook to ſhare it with me, were to be the great rewards. I will, however, bend my temper to anſwer this billet, in a ſtile (if I can hit the medium) between the haughty and the creeping.

Adieu, till to-morrow.

MARCHMONT.

LETTER XXIV.

To the SAME.

WELL, I diſpatched my billet—a blank ſheet of paper would have done me as much ſervice, for its contents were returned unperuſed.

In the morning I rode over, determined to ſoften him by my ſubmiſſion, and as I had done to Miſs Greville, honeſtly confeſs the whole affair. I though it neceſſary, as things were ſituated, to let my name precede my appearance. They were aſſembled to breakfaſt. My father returned for anſwer, that he, and the reſt of the company, were too well acquainted with the importunate intruder, to think him worthy of being admitted; and that I might go from whence I came, or where ever elſe I pleaſed. How mortifying, Charles, to receive ſuch a meſſage from a ſervant!

I could

I could have piſtoled myſelf, to have put an end to my ſhame and vexation. For God's ſake, what had I done, that I was not ready to expiate, at the vaſt expence of my liberty! You may be aſſured, that after ſuch a repulſe, I hazarded not a ſecond interview or billet.

Poor Richard, with tears, informed me how my father raved (as he had it from the ſervant in waiting) when my letter was delivered to him? his torrent of invectives and determinations concluded thus--that his whole fortune ſhould be ſettled on hoſpitals, rather than I ſhould ever enjoy a ſixpence of it; that, as I had refuſed to act the part of a ſon, I muſt never more expect to find in him a father.

After this formal renunciation, Charles, I think it would be a folly in me, knowing his determined temper, to expect him to ſoften in my favour, at leaſt for the preſent; for, had he not been moſt ſeriouſly exaſperated, he never would have expoſed both himſelf and me, as he has done, by ſending me ſuch a meſſage by my ſervant.

Adieu, for the preſent. The multiplicity of my reflections diſtracts my attention too much to ſuffer me to proceed.

MARCHMONT.

LETTER XXV.

From the SAME to the SAME.

Dear Charles,

THOUGH the uneaſy and perplexed ſtate of my mind render me very unfit for writing, yet it is neceſſary I ſhould be employed in doing ſomething to divert too intenſe reflection.

Oh, Lewſum! in my ſituation to *think*, is to be *miſerable*; yet, I thank God, I have never yet had occaſion to ſtifle the intruſion of thought: but at preſent I am ſo very critically circumſtanced, that the more I reflect, the more I am bewildered; yet were I convinced that the cauſe of all my unhappineſs would return my paſſion, I would bid defiance to all the reſt; but I am quite ſick at heart.

My friend Jones, whom I viſited after my diſgraceful diſmiſſion from Woodbury, and from whoſe houſe I now write you, endeavours, by the moſt friendly efforts, to diſpel my melancholy. I accompany his lady this afternoon on a tea viſit. My affair I hear is blazed over the country—but adieu for the preſent; I muſt dreſs for the viſit.

In Continuation.

I am returned—gloomy as my mind was when I broke off; yet when I went to dreſs, I found the ſeeds of vanity ſtill in my heart.

I put

I put on a ſuit of ſky-blue and ſilver, a ſuit which Lucy once had praiſed, and Lucy's taſte nobody doubted, till ſhe fixed her affections on Sir James Pringle. The point ruffles ſhe admired too were choſen; nor was the handkerchief forgot that once was hers—the ſame I found in her carriage—Charles, it has ever been my companion—I kiſſed it a thouſand times, as I doubted not it muſt have often touched her lips. Upon the whole, I made no contemptible figure; but my heart was ſad, and robbed my countenance of its wonted vivacity.

Many gueſts were expected, but none arrived. I was preſented to the lady of the manſion as a gentleman from London, which conſequently conciliated me great reſpect. At length the viſitants being all aſſembled, compoſed moſtly of females, I found myſelf the only ſtranger amongſt them, ſo that I ſat chiefly as a hearer for ſome time. "Now politicks, and then the weather," having been maturely diſcuſſed—news foreign and domeſtic took their turns to reign. I ſhall treat only of the latter, which ran as follows.

Miſs Ann Holmes aſked Miſs Sufan Hutchens if ſhe had heard the news. "News, dear Miſs Holmes, of what kind, pray?" "Sure you muſt have heard it, ſaid Miſs Holmes. Lord, my dear, it is in every body's mouth. Miſs Greville of Woodbury has brought a fine diſgrace upon her family. Aunt Roſe ſaid it would always come

to

to this, the conſequence of letting young girls have their own way." "Very true, rejoined Mrs. Rachel Lovering (a veſtal about ſixty) from her ſtory you may learn, ladies, the diſhonour attending young women, who, ſcorning the wealthy gentlemen of their own neighbourhood, are guilty of the horrid indelicacy of admitting idle young fellows into their company, who run over the country ſeeking whom they may devour." "Pray, Madam, ſaid I, with as grave a face as I could aſſume, who was this idle fellow you ſpeak of, and what was his method of proceeding?" I trod on Mrs. Jones's foot, as much as to ſay, be ſilent. She took my hint, and Miſs Lovering proceeded. "I mean, Sir, he ſought to inſinuate himſelf into her favour, which, it is ſaid, as he had a tolerable perſon and a vaſt deal of aſſuranee, he found no difficulty of doing; he was ſo well received by the whole family that, at length, Sir James propoſed ſettlements to him, which obliged the Friſeur (for ſuch in reality he was) notwithſtanding his ſhowy appearance, to decamp: leaving the poor girl to repent of her folly at leiſure."

Miſs Holmes interrupted the communicative virgin by a loud laugh, and cry'd, "Lord! Miſs Lovering, pardon me, but you have told the moſt ridiculous ſtory; not a word of truth in what you have ſaid, upon my honour. What *I* am going to relate, you may depend upon as a matter of fact. Miſs Greville

Greville has led Mr. Marchmont a wildgooſe chaiſe—His father was a merchant, and, had he not broke, his ſon might have been a pretty fortune. Miſs Greville only made uſe of his addreſſes as they were well received by her family, to the better concealing an intrigue ſhe was carrying on with an enſign at ——. The gentleman, tho' he ſuſpected her infidelity, took no notice of it, as he had an amour with Sir Thomas's niece and my lady's maid, at the ſame time, which for a ſeaſon, he managed ſo prudently, that neither ſuſpected the other."

Here Miſs Suſan Hutchins interrupted her friend, by ſaying, "You think undoubtedly, ladies, you are both in the right, in the ſtory you have juſt related; but give me a moment's hearing." We bowed our aſſent. She drew up her head; I kiſſed her hand in token of my approbation. I thought the reſt of the ladies looked rather envious at this little mark of reſpect, as I was the only young fellow preſent, nothing *very* diſagreeable in my air and manner; and ſhe proceeded as follows:

"What I have to relate, you, Sir, bowing very low to me, (the kiſs I ſuppoſed was ſtill warm on her hand) and you, ladies, may depend upon as a matter of fact, for I had it from Miſs Jennings, who does not live ſeven miles from Woodbury. The perſon in queſtion is a man of faſhion, and fortune, but of morals ſo diſſolute, that people who value their

their reputation will not admit him to their houſe. Every body feared to acquaint the family with his true character; but the day before that which was ſettled for their marriage, Miſs Greville and he were walking through the Park, when they ſaw a poſtchaiſe ſtop, and a woman and two children come out of it. Miſs Greville prevailed on him to aſk them what brought them there? but gueſs what was his aſtoniſhment when he recognized in them his deſerted miſtreſs and two little ſons? She flew at him in a violent paſſion, the children hung upon him, Miſs Greville ſoon became acquainted with the ſcene, and fainted away. He waited till ſhe was recovered, and offered to ſay ſomething in his vindication; but ſhe was deaf to all. She bid him never ſee her more. So the chaiſe being ready, he conducted his little family to it, and ſet off to the metropolis." Here ſhe ſtopped, when *Miſs* Lovering, began to draw moral inferences from the ſtory, and, like a diſcreet matron, adviſed her young friends how they beſtowed their affections on ſtrangers that nobody knew any thing of. That contamination dwelt in the touch of ſuch a man. "Nothing forſooth, you find, could pleaſe her, but a fine gentleman. She deſpiſed both Squire Harmer and Squire Wickitead, whoſe eſtates were above 2000l. *per annum*."

"Madam," ſaid a pretty girl, that had not yet ſpoke, her name, Somers. (I had obſerved

obſerved her countenance undergo a variety of emotions during the dialogue;) "it is poſſible you may be all led into an error concerning this affair; our ears are too ready to catch at whatever tends to diſhonour our fellow creatures. Scandal, as has been obſerved, "on eagle's pinions flies;" and the ſubject increaſes or decreaſes, according to the diſpoſition we are in when we receive it. Our good actions ſurvive no longer than the moment in which they are performed. I think I may venture to ſay that neither of the ladies were in the leaſt culpable, being both perſons of undoubted honour. As for your ſevere inſinuations thrown out againſt Sir Thomas's niece, my own reputation is not dearer to me than hers; you have, for the ſake of reporting an idle tale, injured a virtue that, till this moment, was never ſuſpected. My Lady Crauford is her avowed enemy; then do not, ladies, form too great a reliance on the word of a foe, as I could convince you ſhe is, from a letter I have now in my pocket. The gentleman's character and ſituation in life is ſuch, that he would think himſelf humbled, was I to attempt to vindicate his honour. As Miſs Walbrook, unhappily lies under your cenſure, the character ſhe has drawn of him, might lead you rather to ſuſpect her account of him." My heart glowed, but ſaid nothing. "There was the ſtricteſt friendſhip cemented between Miſs Greville, Mr. Marchmont, and my friend.

friend. In ſhort, ladies, from the knowledge I have of their ſeveral characters, I will venture to affirm, that you are all wrong; and I will likewiſe venture to affirm, that it is ſome point of delicacy, ſome unhappy miſrepreſentation that has cauſed the preſent breach."

The pretty preacher was interrupted by all her antagoniſts at once, who exclaimed "La! Miſs Patty, you are always ready to favour ſuch ſort of fellows; you will, one day, I doubt not, be catched yourſelf." "With all my heart, returned the pretty Patty, provided the object is as deſerving as Mr. Marchmont is." (Here my modeſty felt a little pain.) "Beſides I ſhould ſoon become a great lady, and keep my coach and ſix; for his father's eſtate is above three thouſand pounds a year; and after the death of an old relation his fortune will be doubled." Where the deuce did ſhe get her intelligence?

"Well, Miſs Pat, ſaid Mrs. Lovering, notwithſtanding all you can ſay, you ſhall not make me give up my opinion." "And for my part, ſaid Miſs Holmes, I ſhould think myſelf contaminated, as you have obſerved, was I even to ſit down in a room with him."

I now aroſe, and taking the pretty Patty by the hand, thus began. "My dear Miſs Somers, whilſt in you I behold ſo ſweet an advocate for virtue, though for perſons unknown to you, I flatter myſelf you will not think

think this hand contaminated," bowing upon it; "that it is the fop without fortune," bowing to the ladies ſeverally, as I addreſſed them; "the libertine, that ought to be excluded all virtuous ſociety; the corrupter of Miſs Walbrook's innocence; the abandoned wretch that could act derogatory to every principle of humanity, and drive from his parental boſom his helpleſs infants; and laſtly," bowing much lower, to the antiquated ſhrine of malevolence, for the meanneſs of her thought, "you will not think yourſelf diſhonoured that it has remained thus long between thoſe of the *friſeur* turned gentleman, and give him leave to detain it longer, whilſt he aſſures this polite company, that Miſs Greville is amiable; that Miſs Walbrook is virtuous; and that Marchmont (who has been a patient liſtener to the moſt unmerited reproaches from ladies too ſeverely virtuous) is unhappy—yet do not his misfortunes ariſe from any of the crimes attributed to him, but from a cauſe of a moſt delicate nature. As a man, I am ſubject to error; yet have I not, I bleſs God, any of the atrocious crimes to lay to my heart, a malevolent world would heap upon me; merely becauſe they were unacquainted with my ſituation in life, till this amiable young lady took upon her to plead my cauſe. If truth from thoſe lips cannot gain credence with you, I have no hope." Then bowing again, with the moſt eaſy air I could aſſume, I returned to my ſeat.

I caſt

I caſt my eyes around, to ſee in what manner they would acquit themſelves; yet I had generoſity enough in my nature to feel the exceſſive mortification they endured. At laſt their quivering lips gave way to exclamation. "Lord have mercy!" cried one. "Good Heavens!" exclaimed a ſecond. "Who could have thought it?" rejoined a third. "I ſhall never forget it," ſaid a fourth. At length, in compaſſion to their ſufferings, I ſaid, "You may, perhaps, deem me unpolite, ladies, for ſuffering you to proceed in a ſtory in which I was ſo immediately intereſted. Let me, as Miſs Lovering has already done, draw an inference from it, only to remind you, that henceforward, when the tale of ſcandal circulates, think me preſent, and do not reject truths when they come guarded from the lips of diſcretion, like thoſe of this amiable young lady. The rigour of your virtue renders you too ſevere on the pleaſures of mankind. You veterans in the cauſe of virtue, however laudable your deſigns may be, will, in the courſe of one evening, blaſt more reputations amongſt your own ſex, than their communications with us libertines will do in an age. Be leſs diſcreet, and more charitable, nor too precipitately condemn a lady that has ever acted up to the dictates of honour and prudence: but inſtantly ſuppoſe that it is the invidious tongue of malice which tells her ſtory. "Certainly, Sir."—"To be ſure, Sir."—"We beg your pardon."—"We were

were led to think."—"I dare ſay you were, ladies, and in future, ſhould chance introduce me to ſo amiable a ſet, I flatter myſelf they will not think themſelves contaminated by my appearance, as I will endeavour, by the delicacy of my behaviour, to obliterate, from yours and their chaſte minds, the juſt indignation you have expreſſed for a tale, delivered to you ſo little to my advantage."

I was determined now to releaſe them from their penitentials, and proceeded thus; "If I have offended, thoſe condeſcending looks tell me I am forgiven; allow me the honour of ſealing my pardon on your lips." I did, Charles, and not one of them expreſſed herſelf contaminated by the touch—one and all looked ſo pleaſed——ſo charmed—and ſo fluttered—"Will you allow me the honour of conducting you to the garden, as from the window I ſee a moſt inviting one?" They all aroſe involuntary, and in five minutes, we were the beſt friends in the world. I ſung—I laughed—I romped with them all in their turn. In ſhort, I conducted myſelf ſo much to their ſatisfaction, madam Lovering, and all, that not one of them thought themſelves contaminated. But I had an end to be anſwered by this garden invitation; the pretty Miſs Somers had acknowledged a friendſhip for my charming Lucy, from whom I hoped to gain ſome intelligence concerning her. I was not diſappointed; the information filled

me

me with the moſt alarming diſquiets. Theſe two friends ſee each other but ſeldom; a correſpondence is carried on between them, yet Patty fears ſhe cannot aſpire to more than a third place in Miſs Walbrook's heart. There is a Miſs Hanmer who claims the ſecond place, with whom, for many months in a year, ſhe reſides; as her father's diſſipated mode of life ſubjects her to the moſt negligent treatment from him. From Mr. Hanmer (who is a pious clergyman) ſhe has learnt her patience, humility, and a perfect reſignation to the will of Heaven. A nephew of this worthy gentleman, a young man of faſhion and fortune, holds the firſt place, and whoſe return from abroad is ſhortly expected —I interrupted her haſtily; "Can it be poſſible that Miſs Walbrook, thus pre-engaged, ſhould countenance the addreſſes of Sir James Pringle?" "Her behaviour, ſaid ſhe, has for ſome time been myſterious; but Sir James never was, nor ever will be her choice. She is lively and chearful, but a prodigy of diſcretion; nothing yet has been able to ſubdue in her that amiable ſprightlineſs and ſweetneſs of temper that make her the idol of all who know her. I am, Sir, as well as you, much ſurpriſed that her father ſhould recal her, on ſo ſhort a notice; their inclinations never coincided, as he always found himſelf free from reſtraint in her abſence; the regularity of her life and manners being a conſtant reproach on the levity of his conduct.

duct. Little as he merited her, he was bleſſed with a moſt deſerving and excellent wife, who brought him a large fortune. She died young. Lucy has had many admirers (who, indeed, that ſees her, is not ſo?) but as they were all men of expence, they reſigned their pretenſions, on her father's refuſing to part with any of his fortune with her. Happily for her, they were actuated by the ſame mercenary principles with her father—the man that could bargain for Lucy Walbrook, could never deſerve her; elſe, had ſhe, e'er now, became a ſacrifice to duty, whilſt Templeman, if report ſays true, has all her heart."

Oh Lewſum! all my hopes are annihilated. In all my troubles I ſtill flattered myſelf—Of what? 'Tis vaniſhed—'Twas all a dream. Her *badinage* with Sir James was only the effect of her playful genius. His peculiarities amuſed her. I was deceived. I wiſh in other particulars I had been as much ſo. But to return to my ſtory. I begged Miſs Somers, though with no great apparent vehemence, to ſhew me the laſt letter ſhe had received from her friend, if there was nothing in it of too particular a nature for me to be made acquainted with; if there was, I would then drop my ſuit. Without ſaying more, ſhe preſented it to me. The contents I forgot not, as I repeated them all the way home, and here I give them you.

" My dear Patty!

" Your laſt tells me that you have loſt my " friendſhip; believe me no. I am unhappy. " God help me; I am ſurrounded on all " ſides with enemies. I have no reſource " but in you and my dear Fanny; you are " too good to reject the unfortunate. Nay, " even my Harriot no longer ſmiles upon " me; the ſight of me is painful to her; " my preſence, like a diſeaſe, is ſhunned. " Mr. Marchmont is abſent. Sir James is a " fool. Harriot's nuptials take place within " a month: may ſhe be happy, though I am " not! Her lover is—O Patty! I dare not " tell you what he is; but thus much I will " venture to affirm, he will make any wo- " man happy. To morrow, at my father's " requeſt, I leave Woodbury. Heaven " knows what will be my fate!

" Miſs Hanmer has a letter from Tem- " pleman; ſhe fears to communicate the " contents, leſt the letter might be loſt, as a " diſcovery would be of the greateſt conſe- " quence. Adieu, my beſt love! be happy, " though it is impoſſible for your Lucy to " be ſo, whilſt her heart remains in a ſtate of " the moſt painful ſuſpenſe. As uſual, I am " to travel alone. But I will not complain. " God knows what dangers may next befal " me: worſe perhaps than thoſe I have al- " ready experienced, and no generous pro-

" tector

" tector near! Adieu! it is now three
" o'clock, and I depart at ſix.

" Yours ever,

" LUCY WALBROOK."

What think you now, Charles? Have I a reſource? I fear you would call me cowardly, ſhould I utter all the diſquiets that rend my heart, and ſay I vent my complaints like a fond, weak woman. The morals of Epictetus lie on the table by me; I will plunge into them, late as it is; who knows but ſome lucky paſſage may pop on me unawares, to heal, or at leaſt to divert my mind? Adieu!

MARCHMONT.

LETTER XXVI.

To the SAME.

Barnhill.

SIR Edward Moreton dragged me from Oakly, and brought me here to enjoy with him the pleaſures of the chace. It is a ſmall houſe, uſed only for the purpoſe. Sir Edward, you know is a man of a very inconſtant diſpoſition: perhaps, ere we have ſtaid a week, he may forget that I am with him, and leave me, without informing me of his deſigns, to purſue another chace. A more pleaſing one, I grant, but deſtruction

attends the purſuer, of which I am a ſorrowful inſtance.

Neither Moreton's vivacity, nor Moreton's Burgundy can chace from my mind the idea of the lovely Lucy; ever preſent, with her heaven of charms, to my diſturbed imagination, pouring forth the ſoft effuſions of her ſoul into her fond lover's boſom; then inſtantly the thoughts of Templeman intrude upon me, and every pleaſing image dies away.

Admitting ſhe was not engaged; baniſhed, as I am, from my father's love, cut off, in all probability, from my rightful inheritance; deprived of the means of ſupporting her in a ſituation fit for the woman I adore; be aſſured, Lewſum, I will not even attempt to ſee her, till virtue is more firmly eſtabliſhed in my ſoul. The paſſion I have for her might prove too powerful for my reaſon and honour. It might induce me to attempt to alienate her heart from its firſt attachment. She has more than once acknowledged ſhe eſteemed me. On ſuch a preſumption might I not endeavour to make her acknowledge a ſofter flame, and thereby for ever deſtroy the peace of a worthy fellow, and ſtain my Lucy's heart with perjury? No; I will bear my ſorrows in ſilence, nor wiſh to owe her heart to a crime, which when cool reflection governs, would ſink her in my eſteem. No, Lewſum, though my unkind fortune prevents my aſpiring to the felicity of being the huſband

band of my Lucy, it never ſhall tempt me to become her ſeducer. To *ſingle bleſſedneſs*, or rather wretchedneſs, my future days ſhall be devoted.

Adieu!

MARCHMONT.

LETTER XXVII.

To the SAME.

NOTHING in nature, Lewſum, is ſo weak as the reſolutions of a man in love. I promiſed thee, in my laſt, to make no attempts to ſee this charming woman. Read this laſt piece of my folly, and then bluſh for me if thou wilt.

Moreton, with three other joyous companions, accompanied with the weakeſt and moſt infatuated of men, had done nothing for ſeveral days but ride from place to place; at laſt the rains put a ſtop to our tour, and detained us, at an inn, about thirty miles from Parkmont, the ſeat of Mr. Walbrook, the place that gave birth to the author of all my hopes and fears; the place where the moſt amiable of women firſt drew breath. My heart bounded with a ſudden joy at the proximity of our ſituation. I craved leave of abſence of my companions. It was granted me. In a few hours I was ſet down in ſight of the houſe. A ſudden tremor ſeized me. I looked eagerly on all ſides, hoping

to

to behold her. I ſighed. I rang the bell; a ſervant appeared. I told him he would oblige me much, could he get me a ſight of the houſe and gardens, as I had heard them much talked of. He bowed, and left me for a moment; when a female domeſtic appeared, to whom I made the ſame application, if the family were not in the way. I hoped, by that means to learn that Lucy was in the way, but was diſappointed. The ſervant replied, that I need be under no apprehenſions about them, for they had been from home ten days, but that ſhe did not know where they were gone. I was introduced to a ſuite of rooms, my conductreſs explaining to me by whom the different portraits were performed, and who they repreſented *This* was her maſter's, and that her dear late miſtreſs's. Miſs's had lately been, at her own requeſt, removed to her cloſet. "It is no great loſs, I fancy, ſaid I; for the mother's is ſo perfectly handſome, that the daughter's muſt appear as a foil to it." "Ah, Sir, ſaid the girl, if you knew any thing of young Madam, you would not ſay ſo; ſhe is reckoned one of the handſomeſt ladies in King George's dominions." "I don't believe it, ſaid I, unleſs I was to ſee her or the picture." "As for that, Sir—but to be ſure it is againſt her orders to admit any body to her apartment, or I could ſhow you the picture." Though my hopes were defeated at not ſeeing her, on a moment's recollection

I was

I was glad of it; for what excuſe could I have made to her. "Well but, ſaid I, if you could, without a breach of duty, ſhow me this picture I ſhould be glad of it." I was at laſt introduced to the picture. It was my angel's very ſelf; her every feature—warm—glowing—animated! With ſilent rapture I gazed upon it. All my diſappointments ruſhed into my mind. Tears of anguiſh bedewed my eyes, and rendered them unable to gaze on the dear ſhadow. I ſat down, for I was unable to ſtand. I leaned my head on her writing deſk, whereon ſhe had, no doubt, told Templeman ſhe loved. I ſtarted up. I was almoſt diſtracted. My guide obſerved my emotions—I complained of a violent giddineſs in my head, but ſaid it would ſoon be over.

After ſurveying whatever belonged to her, and making all the enquiries I thought neceſſary, I left the houſe, with as much precipitation as I had entered it, and joined my convivial companions.

Sir George Barclay was added to the number; he was in mourning; his little maſquerader is dead, and he could not help paying that ſmall tribute to her memory. His heart had been near two months void of an attachment---life to him was death without a *fille de joie*; if he could not find one ſuited to his humour, he ſhould yeild himſelf to an honourable engagement with the fineſt woman in the country; and concluded with drinking her

health,

health, which was toaſted by the whole fraternity.

I was out of ſpirits, quite unfit for company, was moſt unmercifully rallied upon it; ſo to avoid interrogations, to which I could not have given a ſatisfactory anſwer, I prudently retreated; though to expoſe myſelf to thee, by ſcribbling out my follies.

Doſt thou join with the world, Charles, to deſpiſe me? I know thou wert ever a lazy fellow, and writing never a favourite occupation with thee, elſe thou wouldſt have ſent me a line in anſwer to ſo many letters. Farewell---love me ſtill---pity my errors---and write conſolation to thy

MARCHMONT.

LETTER XXVIII.

Mr. LEWSUM to W. MARCHMONT, Eſq.

Southampton-Street, London.

Dear William,

THY three laſt I received together, having been out of town on a little tour, ſo that they knew not where to ſend them.

I yeſterday ſaw your father; he breathes nothing but vengeance againſt you---command, therefore, dear Marchmont, my fortune---look on your Lewſum as your banker, till your affairs are accommodated. I ſhall judge of your friendſhip by the favours you will

will confer upon me, in complying with my requeſt.

Could Lucy have been yours, you might have been happy: but as her affections are otherwiſe engaged, endeavour to reſume your wonted freedom, and be yourſelf again. I preach, you will ſay, but do not practice; why elſe cannot time obliterate the remembrance of my dear departed Lydia? Our caſes differ widely; ſhe was mine, and I was hers, by the moſt ſacred ties: but death, in three days, diſſolved thoſe ties, and left a ſting in my mind, the anguiſh of which I fear no time can conquer: but I have ever ſtudied to bear my misfortunes like a man. Adieu. Write to me ſoon, and believe me to be ever yours.

CHARLES LEWSUM.

LETTER XXIX.

Mr. MARCHMONT to CHARLES LEWSUM, Eſq.

Stoke.

THE friendly emanations of thy heart, dear Charles, reached me, at a time, when a recent misfortune put it out of my power to acknowledge how much my mind was impreſſed by a ſenſe of them.

I was at Barnhill when the huntſman's horn, at four in the morning, proclaimed that all was ready for the chace—My ſenſes were under the influence of Morpheus; I dreamt

that the charming Lucy loved, and that my paſſion was returned. Judge then if I was grateful for the alarm; but notwithſtanding, I was ſoon prepared to attend its ſummons. We beat about ſome hours with no ſucceſs. At length a fox was ſtarted: its appearance filled every breaſt there preſent, but one, with the moſt delightful ſenſations; HIS heart, Lewſum, was not to be elated by a fox-chace. The country was an open one, the fox was fleet, I believed we might have purſued it upwards of thirty miles, when an accident happened to my horſe; he loſt a ſhoe. I ſtopped in a village to get one replaced. I loſt ſight of my companions, and was rather pleaſed at it, as I was enabled to purſue my meditations without interruption. My horſe felt ſenſibly the diſappointment; whilſt I, confounded with a variety of perplexing thoughts, reſigned the reins to him; I perceived not that he was going to take a leap of uncommon height, in conſequence of which, he threw me, and fell himſelf upon me. This was all I knew of the affair, till I found myſelf, ſome hours after, in a pretty apartment, ſurrounded by ſeveral people, in whoſe countenances humanity was ſtrongly depicted, waiting my return to life. I gazed with wild aſtoniſhment on all around me, and was preparing to addreſs my thanks to them, when every function of my ſoul was, for a while ſuſpended. Surpriſe rendered me ſpeechleſs—need I add, I beheld the moſt lovely of women,

the

the amiable Lucy Walbrook, weeping over me?—"My God! do I then live," exclaimed I—" and do theſe tears—it is too much."—

I attempted to riſe to thank her, but I again fainted away, This ſudden ebullition of joy was too much for me—I heard her ſhriek, but no more. It was near half an hour before I was recovered enough to ſpeak to her. " Tell me, my dear compaſſionate friend, why you weep, and by what means I am here?" She wiped her eyes, they looked nothing but ſoft compaſſion——ſhe approached me——" Let me entreat you to ſuppreſs all curioſity till the ſurgeon, we every moment expect, has examined of what nature your hurts are; in the mean while be convinced you are with friends.

I attempted to take her hand, but found my arm hung motionleſs; it was broke between the elbow and the wriſt. I communicated to her my apprehenſions; ſhe ſighed profoundly, and turned her head from me. " Miſs Walbrook, will you not look upon your friend? I hope he is not more unworthy now than at Woodbury; tell me you do not join with your friends there to deſpiſe me." " Deſpiſe you, Sir! Misfortunes like yours deſerve all compaſſion." She could ſay no more. She ſunk down in a chair by me, unable to proceed. The ſurgeon entered, and ſhe took that opportunity to retire, accompanied with a young lady that was with her.

Beſides

Beſides the broken arm, I had received a violent contuſion on the head, and a cut acroſs the left leg, from the flints on which I had fallen. The examination and dreſſings exhauſted my ſpirits ſo, that I was for a long time inſenſible to both corporeal and mental pain.

When my ſenſes returned, my eyes in vain ſought Lucy. I ſaw only a decent looking woman that was watching by me. "Pray, Madam, ſaid I—" "Madam! ſaid ſhe, Sir, you miſtake; my miſtreſs is not here, and my name is Betty, at your ſervice." "Pray, Mrs. Betty, then acquaint me who your miſtreſs is, and where I am." "La! Sir, what did'nt you know that you was at Parſon Hanmer's." Every thing in a moment was elucidated to me; I was with one of the beſt of men, the pious inſtructor of my Lucy's youth. The lady I had ſeen, *his* daughter, and *her* beloved friend Fanny.

Mr. Hanmer has two benefices, the one near Mr. Walbrook's, the other where I then was. Mr. Walbrook had left his daughter there but the week before apparently at the time of my being at Parkmont. Betty continued, ſhe was glad Miſs Walbrook was come again, for her ill-conditioned father made her home worſe than a priſon.

"Well, but pray, Mrs. Betty, acquaint me in what manner I was brought here, and who firſt had the goodneſs to take pity on me?" "My miſtreſs, Sir, and Miſs Lucy, were

were yeſterday morning taking a walk to Belmont, to breakfaſt with Squire Selby and his couſin, when they ſaw you lying, as they ſuppoſed, dead, by the ſide of a ditch, and your horſe ſtanding by. The ladies ſaid at firſt, that perhaps it was ſome robber, that had a mind to play them a trick. Miſs Lucy is terribly afraid of them ever ſince laſt ſummer, ſhe met with one as ſhe was going to Woodbury, that would have killed her, had it not been for a kind ſweet tempered gentleman, that ſeized the robber and brought her off in ſafety. I'm ſure ſhe'll never forget it, for ſhe never talks about it, but ſhe cries for an hour after it." Charming ſenſibility! cried I to myſelf; ſure ſhe will one day return my love. "Well, but after they had conſulted for ſome time, they ſaid, that if it ſhould be any poor creature in diſtreſs, they ſhould never forgive themſelves. So they took courage, and went up to you; they ſaw blood running: your hat lay upon your face, Miſs Lucy ſtooped down, took it off, and as ſoon as ſhe beheld your gaſhly looks, and your face covered with blood, for ſhe is very tender-hearted, ſhe ſhrieked out and fainted away. My poor dear miſtreſs was almoſt beſide herſelf, but luckily ſhe ſaw farmer Higgens's people coming by with a waggon. Miſs Lucy ſoon recovered, but had ſhe loſt the deareſt friend ſhe had in the world, ſhe could not have been more frantic. You was put into the waggon, and brought home,

and

and Jackſon was immediately diſpatched on maſter's beſt horſe for a ſurgeon." Here ended her artleſs narration. I aſked her if ſhe believed ſhe could prevail on her miſtreſs, and the young lady to make me a viſit, that I might thank them for their goodneſs to me? "To be ſure, Sir, when they know you are better. They ſat up with you all night, and Dr. Hart too, at Miſs Lucy's deſire, for fear you ſhould grow worſe; and went away about two hours ago, when they ſaw you beginning to doſe. I can't think what Miſs Lucy meant by it, but when ſhe went away, ſhe ordered me not to tell you that ſhe had ſat up with you, if you ſhould aſk after her; and I hope you will be ſo well pleaſed as not to mention it to her." I aſſured her of my ſecrecy.

The exceſſive pleaſure I felt at this piece of concealed tenderneſs of my angel's, was too much for my weak ſpirits. I could ſay no more to Betty. O God! cried I to myſelf, let me not live, if I am not to live for her! but ſhould it pleaſe heaven to inſpire her with ſentiments correſpondent with my own, what a world of happineſs is there yet in ſtore for me! Teach me, gratitude, teach me, humility, to enjoy the bleſſing as I ought. Had I not been bound down by dreſſings and bandages, nothing could have prevented my telling her of my ardent paſſion—of my exceſſive joy at her tenderneſs; and craving her pity.

But,

But, O Charles! ſhe is a bleſſing above my humble hopes, ſince fortune has denied her gifts. But Templeman—Well what of Templeman!—

LETTER XXX.

To the SAME.

MY reverie, in my laſt, was interrupted by a perſonage, whom, I ſuppoſed, from the benign expreſſion of his countenance, and dignity of aſpect, to be Mr. Hanmer; my conjectures were right. He addreſſed me in a ſtile that belied not his appearance; his voice was the voice of conſolation, and his language that of true piety, and unaffected benevolence. I in return expreſſed myſelf in the moſt grateful terms for his and his daughter's tenderneſs. I feared to hazard a word of my Lucy, leſt my countenance ſhould have betrayed any emotion. Miſs Hanmer ſoon made her appearance. My eyes ſought the moſt beloved of women, but in vain. Miſs Hanmer aſked my permiſſion to acquaint my friends with my accident. "Ah, Madam! returned I, you know but little of my ſituation, if you ſuppoſe that any body exiſts that is ſolicitous about me. I once was bleſt with dear and valuable friends, but many concurring circumſtances have deprived me of them; yet when you ſhall learn the particulars, you will think,

I hope,

I hope, that I am not ſo culpable, as an ill-natured world has depictured me. Much of my ſtory and connections you may have heard from your amiable friend." She bowed in token of her knowledge of them. "If the unhappy accident that has happened between Miſs Greville and me, has not made her forfeit the good opinion ſhe once profeſſed for me, I ſhould think it an honour would ſhe favour me with a viſit." She obligingly aſſured me ſhe ſhould when I was better, and further told me that Miſs Walbrook was, at preſent, not well.

Three days and nights, I impatiently waited for the expected viſit. I was ſure ſhe was ill, my anxiety added ſtrength to my diſorder; my delirium returned, and my life was, for ſeveral days, in imminent danger. At length, in a moment when reaſon was returned me, I perceived, holding my hand, a phyſician that could ſave, or deſtroy, "could heal or kill," the lovely cauſe of my late delirium, looking on me with the moſt impaſſioned tenderneſs. A ſigh, that eſcaped me, convinced her I was not inſenſible of her goodneſs. "My dear Miſs Walbrook! this mark of your ſenſibility, tells me you do not join in the general voice, to condemn me; yet were the ſecrets of my heart to be diſcloſed, I flatter myſelf, I ſhould be more worthy of compaſſion than reſentment. Miſs Greville has, no doubt, informed you of her rejection of me, and my father's diſpleaſure,

ſure, in conſequence of that rejection; tell me then, do you acquit me of the crimes laid to my charge?" "Indeed, Sir, I pity you; alas! ſince I left Woodbury, Harriot has thought me unworthy of her confidence. I fear, I have been repreſented to her, by my enemies in no favourable light. My aunt was not my friend. Be aſſured, Sir, I grieve for your diſappointments." She was preparing to leave me. I entreated her, with all the ſoft perſuaſion I was maſter of, not to leave me ſo ſoon. Miſs Hanmer was ſo obliging as to promiſe for her. They ſtaid half an hour with me, and I was viſibly better. I ſaw her—ſhe looked the ſoftneſs of love; it ſuppreſſed my anxiety which had been in a great meaſure the cauſe of my ſufferings.

I forgot to tell you, Mr. Hanmer has been ſo good to diſpatch a ſervant to Sir Edward Moreton's with an account of my miſhap. Poor Richard, I find, has rode all over the country, in ſearch of his loſt maſter; he was in raptures at hearing of my ſafety, and joyfully returned with the meſſenger. He brought me a card of condolence from the lazy Baronet, and the jovial party; with a promiſe of a ſpeedy viſit, which I can very well diſpenſe with, and ſhall contrive to divert them from that intention.

Adieu!

MARCHMONT.

LET-

LETTER XXXI.

Miſs WALBROOK to Miſs SOMERS.

Stoke.

DISGUSTED, as I told you I was, with Marchmont's behaviour, my dear Patty, yet he once preſerved my life, and ſhall I then refuſe him the ſmall tribute of a tear in his misfortunes? He has been at the point of death. Chance brought him hunting into this country, where he met with a fall from his horſe, that endangered his life. I thank God he is now better; and likewiſe, thank God, he was not a witneſs to the wild tranſports that ſeized me, on diſcovering him, as I thought dead, on the ſide of the public road. I was ſo ill afterwards, that I was confined a week to my chamber: my dear Fanny dividing her cares betwixt us. As ſoon as ſhe ſaw my diſtreſs, her ſagacity led her to the name of the object.

I told Mr. Hanmer that he was the gentleman that had paid his addreſſes to Miſs Greville: but that ſhe had rejected him, to the great aſtoniſhment of every body.

Now that he is better, I ſhall aſſume my former air of gaiety and indifference, which has ſerved me to conceal emotions, which were not in my power to ſuppreſs.

Fanny and I, have been much diverted at your *rencontre* with him. and the manner in which

which he humbled the malevolent viſitants. That he aſſerted my cauſe, I thank him. That he does honour to Miſs Greville, I eſteem him. That he calls himſelf unhappy, I pity him. He has hinted at misfortunes that I am unacquainted with, that he doubts not I ſhall be pained to hear. Heavens, my dear Patty, what can he have to relate that I am intereſted in? Somebody ſays we can only reſiſt temptation by avoiding it. I will do more, I will face the danger and defy it. O Patty! I am unhappy, but always yours. Mr. Hanmer deſires to ſpeak with me. Adieu, for the preſent.

In Continuation.

Harriot has not yet vouchſafed me an anſwer to a letter I wrote her from Parkmont; ſure ſhe cannot ſuſpect me of any thing diſhonourable. The day of her marriage was ſettled, before I left Woodbury. Marchmont, you ſay, withdrew not his addreſſes; the diſmiſſion comes from herſelf. I never dealt ungenerouſly by her. To give her pleaſure I trifled with a man my heart deſpiſed, that I might not rob her a moment of Marchmont's converſation. I ſacrificed every wiſh to oblige her—I pleaded her cauſe with him; my endeavours reſtored to her his wandering heart; I hope none of my thoughtleſs ſex will ever form too great a reliance on it, for he has powers, Patty, to ſubdue the moſt rigid indifference.

Templeman

Templeman is ſoon expected; what joy his return will give us, I leave you to imagine. I ſhould more anxiouſly expect him, was not much of my time devoted to Marchmont. Why ſhould he expreſs ſuch tender apprehenſions for my health?—Why ſuch grateful raptures for my little ſervices? Fanny ſuſpects me—you likewiſe ſuſpect me—Let me intreat you both not to ſuſpect me of wrong—I long to tell you of Templeton, but muſt reſerve the ſubject for another letter.

Mr. Marchmont deſires a place in your remembrance. I thought to have finiſhed my letter an hour ago; but my dear Patty will forgive the tedious complainings of her faithful and affectionate

LUCY WALBROOK.

LETTER XXXII.

Mr. MARCHMONT to CHARLES LEWSUM, Eſq.

Stoke.

I WILL now, my dear Charles, proceed with my narration. In about a month I was able to leave my apartment; I wore my arm in a ſling, the preſcriptions of my amiable phyſician ſo exactly tallied with my conſtitution, that I hourly grew better. Obſtinate indeed muſt have been that diſorder, which could have been proof againſt the moſt bewitching ſmiles and the moſt unremitted attention.

Mr.

Mr. Hanmer acquitted himſelf towards me with the humanity, and benevolence, becoming an ambaſſador of the Almighty Power he ſerves; enforcing by his own example, the precepts he beſtows. The ſolidity and juſtneſs of his arguments, I truſt, will ponderate in my heart, when youth and intemperance ſhall excite the paſſions to act contrary to the great end of my exiſtence. The piety of his converſation, has led me into a train of reflection that has ſubdued all reſentments within me. Our paſſions are given us to prove our virtue by, the more ungovernable they are, the more meritorious they triumph over them. Lucy too continues to look on me with an eye of regard, when ſhe ſees me practiſe the ſage councils of her reverend friend. 'Tis to this excellent man ſhe is indebted for the moral rectitude of her actions, and for the unaffected piety ſo conſpicuous in her.

Miſs Hanmer, who has the advantage of a few years more experience, is the very perſon one would wiſh a wife or a daughter to imitate; her converſation is grave, but elegant; none of thoſe lively ſallies that have made me the ſlave of her charming friend: her perſon genteel and pleaſing; her manner has a ſweetneſs and affability in it that is infinitely ſuperior to beauty without it. Not that ſhe is deficient of that alluring charm, which muſt excite in our hearts the paſſion of love, and admiration. Could ever my heart range to another

another object, Fanny Hanmer would be the firſt that would enſnare it; but of that, Lewſum, there is no fear, it is too ſolidly attached ever to rove. It may often *admire*, as I have told you, but it can *love* but once.

To your cold phlegmatic fellows love and admiration are ſynonimous terms; but to us men of the world, it is very different. Love, triumphs in the ſoul; admiration, triumphs in the eye for a while, and dies. But love—ah, love, Charles! entwines about the heart ſo faſt, that all attempts to root it out only ſerve to bind it the faſter. But, Lewſum, I wrong thee, to call thee a cold phlegmatic fellow, thou who for years haſt been the victim of melancholy, for the loſs of the object of thy tendereſt affections, whilſt to the world thou appeareſt eaſy and chearful.

Heavens, Charles! if, after all, my dear Lucy's kind attention ſhould ariſe from no other ſource but that of humanity, what miſery will be my fate! And here the thought of Templeman recurs: I had forgot him for a long time, till I heard Mr. Hanmer mention him yeſterday. She looked overjoyed, but from her anſwers I could gather nothing. Should ſhe (as I have ſometimes flattered myſelf) behold thy friend with a partial eye, in my preſent ſtate of affairs, what can I do? Stripped as I am by an impetuous father of almoſt every thing, ſhall I involve the woman I adore in my ruin? No, Lewſum! I will ſuffer alone; nor, if I find that Templeman has

has her love, will I ſeek to ſupplant him. I will withdraw all my hopes, and never breathe a ſigh for woman more.

But I cannot ſtay here, to ſee her in the arms of Mr. Hanmer's nephew—No, that would be a ſight too painful to endure, and nature recoils with horror from it. As ſoon as I hear of the day he is expected, I will withdraw myſelf from Stoke, for fear, by one raſh act, I ſhould forfeit the good opinion my kind hoſts hitherto entertain of me.

Honour forbids my making a declaration, whilſt my affairs are in ſo perplexed a ſtate, and not the leaſt proſpect of a favourable change. Think then of the reſtraint I hourly undergo, the lovely creature ever before me, attempting, by ten thouſand little amuſements, to chaſe my *ennui*; but alas, the dear girl miſtakes the cauſe entirely, and fancies it ariſes only from my indiſpoſition; but adieu!

Yours,

MARCHMONT.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.

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